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ALTHEA FLYNT co-publisher

TIM CONAWAY executive editor

JAMES BAES director of photography

N. MORGEN HAGEN managing editor

BILL SKURSKI art director

CATHERINE DOYLE photo editor

DWAINE TINSLEY SUSAN TINSLEY humor and cartoon editors

LONN M. FRIEND senior editor

DOUG OLIVER entertainment editor

ALLAN MacDONELL copy chief

MICHAEL HEIMOWITZ research director

MIKE FERRIS, MICHAEL LEVINE, MICHAEL DIGREGORIO, associate editors; RICK WOODS, copy editor; DEAN BRIERLY, associate copy editor; RUTH WAYTZ, researcher; LIZ OTOS, editorial assistant

LAURA MORRISON, MICHIO TSUZUKI, CRAIG JONES, MELISSA SIMPSON, KAREN TOMLINSON, LAURIE FERGUSON, associate art directors; DON GILBERT, chief typographer; DEANNA FRIEDMAN, MILLIE STROM, typographers

PHOTOGRAPHY

MATTI KLATT, CLIVE McLEAN, LADI VON JANSKY, senior photographers; RALPH FOWLER, production designer; KEN DeMARTINES, associate production designer; CLAUDIA ARIAS, talent coordinator; MICHAEL GENTILE, photo assistant

PRODUCTION

DONNA HAHNER, production manager ADVERTISING

ELIZABETH STAGNITTA, advertising director, (213) 556-9200

The U.S. Edition of HUSTLER MAGAZINE (ISSN-0) 49-4635) is published monthly by HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC., 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Advertising inquiries: 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Copyright © 1986 by HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC. Return postage must accompany all manuscripts, drawings, photographs, etc., if they are to be returned, and no responsibility can be assumed for unsolicited materials. All rights to letters sent to HUSTLER will be treated as unconditionally assigned for publication and copyright purposes and as subject to HUSTLER's right to edit and to comment editorially. All rights reserved on entire contents, nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publisher. Any similarity between persons and places in fiction in this magazine and any real persons and places is purely coincidental. All photographs posed by professional models except as otherwise noted. Neither said photographs, nor the words used to describe them, are meant to depict the models' actual conduct, statements or personalities.

HUSTLER JULY 1986 VOLUME 13 NUMBER 1

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Single copy, U.S. Edition \$4.90, International Edition \$4.95 (add \$1
postage per copy). For subscription information write Flynt Subscription Co., P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067–sorry, no Canadian subscription orders accepted. Change of Address: Six weeks advance notice, and old address as well as the new are necessary.
POSTMASTER: Send change of address to HUSTLER MAGAZINE; P.O. Box 67068, Los Angeles, CA 90067-9944. Controlled-circulation postage poid at Los Angeles, CA, and additional mailing offices. Printed in U.S.A. HUSTLER is registered in the U.S. Patent and Trademark Office by HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC. The International Edition of HUSTLER MAGAZINE is published monthly by LFZ, LTD., P.O. Box 1803, Grand Cayman, B.W.I., with permission of HUSTLER MAGAZINE INC.

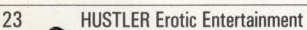
Cover photo by James Baes

HUSTLER

VOLUME 13 NUMBER 1

july

- 3 b.o. Tampons Ad Parody
- 7 Feedback
- 11 Hot Letters
- 15 Bits and Pieces Rock Hard; Welcome Back, Shauna; . . . and More. Edited by Lonn M. Friend





- 32 Karen: Doing What Comes Naturally Photography by James Baes
- 41 Sin Cities: Guide to America's Best Adult Entertainment by J. R. Nelson
- 48 Jessie & Meg: Girls Just Wanna Have Sun Photography by Clive McLean
- 60 Janette: Little Dove, Lots of Love Centerfold Photography by James Baes

72 HUSTLER Humor

- 74 The Dark Brothers' "Devil in Miss Jones" Behind-the-Scenes Photo-Report
- 83 Rats II Cartoon Feature by Dwaine Tinsley
- 86 Code Pink on Route 69 Photography by Matti Klatt
- 99 Beaver Hunt Anniversary Pelts
- 104 Beaver Hunt Contest Winner
 Sue from Indianapolis, Indiana



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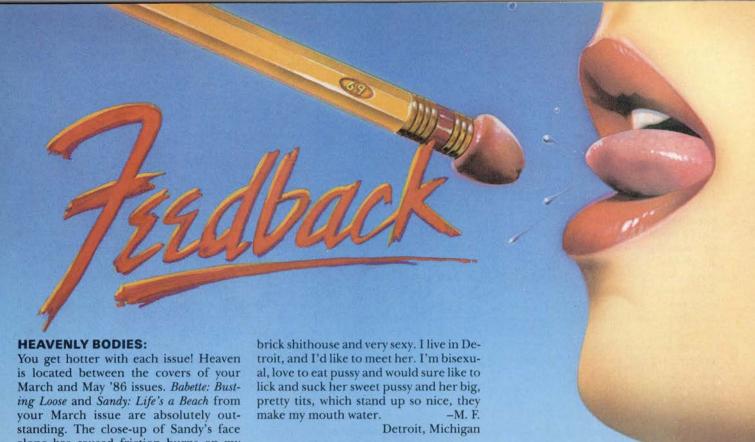
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alone has caused friction burns on my prick. How on earth do your photographers keep from blowing their loads in their shorts?

But your May issue is closer to my heart with Jonelle: Rooftop Rendezvous. She has delicious toes and a toothsome asshole. Too often you don't show feet, or they are covered. Jonelle's feet are perfect for all sorts of delights, and I refuse to believe that some lucky slob hasn't been fortunate enough to tongue that little brown honeyhole.

I also enjoyed Billie: Fruit of Her Loins, seeing her holding her bra and panties, and the way she has her shoes off in some of the shots.

Beaver Hunt's Angel is an angel. She's the hottest Beaver since Cathy in December '85. Whatta face! What tits! I'd love to coat her tonsils with my own special blend of syrup. She's a real jerkoff fantasy. If her hubby ain't stiff all the time, he ain't breathing. Here's my vote for Angel, and let's see more. -R. H.

New York, New York

I enjoy two-girl photo-spreads, and Matti Klatt's sizzling pictorial Bolts From the Blue (May '86) was great! Being a lover of dark-haired, tanned babes, the sight of that blonde fondling and sucking her partner's dark, hairy bush quickly stiffened my meat.

Keep those two-girl sets coming (preferably with dark-haired babes). -A. L. Indialantic, Florida

About Debby in the April '86 Beaver Hunt. What a beauty! She's built like a

The lady in Babette: Busting Loose (March '86) has got to be my dreamgirl. Let me tell you, HUSTLER, she has a set of the most gorgeous tits, and her whole body is a work of art. And don't forget about that nice soft pussy between those beautiful big thighs of hers.

Babette is one of the true beauties of the world. I'll look forward to my next issue of your magazine. Keep them mags coming, Larry! -R. H.

Cheneyville, Louisiana



Jonelle: Rooftop Rendezvous

I'm surprised no one wrote to you about Bobbi: Body Check, HUSTLER's hockey mascot (December '85). My eyes caressed every part of her luscious bod. Likewise, the girl who opened the prison-rape scene (Revenge of the Prisoners, November '85) had nice tits and a nice twat.

> -Name Withheld by Request San Diego, California

RAUNCH IN REVIEW:

Would you please bring us up to date on the status of pornography and its related areas? Is it time for a new survey of local sex clubs? Where can I see the best shows in the U.S. in 1986? I sure would like to be kept appraised of the current entertainment alternatives.

> -Name Withheld by Request El Paso, Texas

Just turn to our special anniversary feature Sin Cities: Guide to America's Best Adult Entertainment, beginning on page 41 of this issue for answers to your questions.

GOTCHA:

I would like very much to find out more about the magazine mentioned in the April '86 Bits and Pieces, "Today's Lesbian." I haven't seen it on the newsstands.

> -J. K. Bremerton, Washington

In your April '86 issue you show a new magazine, "Today's Lesbian." I'd really like to obtain the first issue. -C. S. Grand Rapids, Michigan

Attention, HUSTLER readers! <u>Bits and</u>
<u>Pieces</u> Editor Lonn M. Friend asks, "Does the
word joke mean anything to you? We do it a
lot around here...."

MORMON SEX RESPONSE:

I am writing to you in total disbelief of what I have just read in the April '86 issue of HUSTLER, Sin and Death in Mormon Country. I have no idea who your reporter got his information from, but he should have checked more thoroughly before printing such bullshit.

The Mormons in no way think that sex is, quote, "dirty and disgusting," or that it is a "tool of Satan." They merely feel that it is a sacred act, performed between two married people. Sure, they don't condone premarital sex, but there are a lot of non-Mormons who feel the same way on that issue.

And the statement that "even married people are told that sex for pleasure is out and should only be used as a tool of procreating new spirits" is the most ridiculous thing I've heard in quite a while, and I've heard a lot of garbage.

My parents happen to be very strongbelieving Mormons who have been married for 30 years and have a very healthy sex life. Perhaps because your readers do not include a great deal of Mormons, you feel that you can get away with such outand-out lies. I am truly disappointed in the shallowness and one-sidedness of your article. –D. B.

Wichita, Kansas

You've apparently never read the Church of Jesus Christ of Latter-day Saints' pamphlets and manuals, which served as backup for our article.

After reading Sin and Death in Mormon Country (April '86), I feel compelled to comment. Upon researching the Mormon religion, it becomes evident that the religion itself is based on very questionable origins. It strikes me as strange that so many would adhere to the harsh and unjust rules created by those self-appointed moral guardians. Any attempt to control a person's sexual practices and preferences is an infringement of basic human rights and will ultimately do more harm than good.

Religion was created to serve man by answering questions of origin, purpose and destiny. It is very unfortunate that there are those that would use religion as a tool to manipulate and exploit people.

-Name Withheld by Request North Miami Beach, Florida

After reading the story about Kip Eliason, I can't believe the Mormon Church

actually practices these absurd policies on sex. Sex is great; everybody knows that there is nothing like it. Who thought of these weird rules in the Mormon Church? I always thought it was a weird religion. I wish Kip's father, Mr. Eugene Eliason, good luck in winning his lawsuit. I wish that I was on the jury.

As for your April Asshole of the Month, Norman A. Carlson, let's put him behind bars-sounds like the s.o.b. belongs there. Prisoners are human too!

-J. C. Mount Morris, Pennsylvania

Hey, Larry, I need your support to help stamp out HIM (Homosexually Inclined Mormons). My suggestion would be to give HIM subscriptions to HUSTLER. After all, wouldn't it be better to have HIM stroking off to pink instead of turning out like certain unnamed, page-molesting Congressmen? Besides, you gave all those jerkoffs on Capitol Hill free subscriptions, and those jackoff Mormon elders certainly qualify as being equally fucked in the brain. Give 'em hell, Larry.

-W. J. Boca Raton, Florida

READER REQUESTS:

I've been reading HUSTLER for eight years, and I have a problem: I adore women posing in the rear-entry position, but I have never seen a butt-up shot that took up a whole page. I don't want to use a magnifying glass to get a good look. Please do something for us back-door men!

—C. W.

Taylor, Michigan

HUSTLER is as complete a magazine as could ever be. Your staff is just great.

Now I have a request to make. After a number of years of looking at the delectable white girls, I'd appreciate looking at some luscious black ones, as well as some beautiful Latin ones like Vanessa Del Rio.

Queens, New York

I've been a regular reader for many years, and I'm a bit disappointed. The past few issues look more like *Newsweek* than HUSTLER. One-third advertising, two-thirds bullshit, shame on you!

What ever happened to five pages of Beaver Hunt? How about newsmaker interviews (i.e., Timothy Leary)? Your magazine better shape up or shit elsewhere!

-M. J. Glendale, California

Check this issue, and you'll find five pages of Beavers and a six-page layout of our <u>Beaver</u> <u>Hunt Winner</u> (pages 99-109). As for Vanessa Del Rio, her unbelievably gigantic clit can be (continued on page 30)

GRAFFILTHY



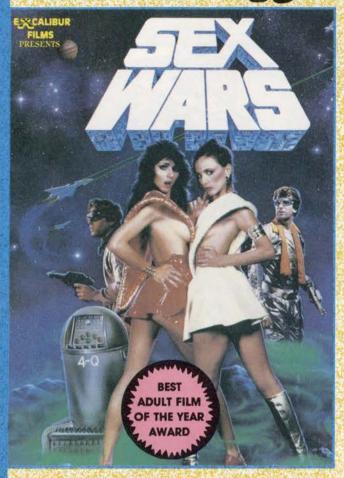
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 ☐ 30 TRINITY BROWN 9 SPITFIRE 10 BLACK THROAT □ 30 PROFESSIONAL JANINE 11 FIRESTORM □ 12 EVERY WOMAN HAS FANTASY□ 32 SURRENDER IN PARADISE
 □ 13 INSATIABLE II □ 33 DEVIL IN MISS JONES II NEW WAVE HOOKERS 34 TALK DIRTY TO ME III ☐ 15 DEEP THROAT ☐ 16 STIFF COMPETITION 35 TRASHY LADY 36 THROAT 12 YEARS AFTER 37 FLESHDANCE RX FOR SEX DANGEROUS STUFF DEBBIE DOES 'EM ALL 19 MATINEE IDOL □ 39 BEHIND THE GREEN DOOR ☐ 20 REEL PEOPLE ☐ 40 MISTY BEETHOVEN
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PREACHER'S DAUGHTER

I'm a high-school English teacher with designs on becoming a writer. Last summer I told my friend Greg T. how much I wanted to get away from the city, to just go somewhere and write. He informed me that his parents had just fixed up their guest house in a little Kentucky town called Corbet Creek and were looking for a guy to stay there and do a few odd jobs around the place.

It sounded perfect, and I agreed. Greg's folks proved to be terrific people who treated me almost as if I was their

own son.

On my first night in Corbet Creek my attention was caught by an elegant portrait above the bed. It was a painting of a beautiful young girl wearing a bonnet, with a long dress buttoned around her neck and a parasol in her delicate hands. Her outfit was virginal white, trimmed in pink, and she was sitting on the edge of a boat out on a lake. What really got to me was the model's angelic face, fair skin, and blond hair draped over her shoulders. Her blue eyes were penetrating and somehow sad. Judging from the clothing and faded colors, I figured the painting had been done around the turn of the century. Too bad, I thought. That precious girl must either be dead now or living in an old-age home somewhere.

I mentioned the painting to Greg's parents the next morning, and was delighted to learn that my friend's mom had painted it only a year earlier. Old-time portraits were a specialty of hers. The model's name was Bette, and she worked at the grocery in town. "She's the sweetest thing," Mrs. T. declared. "She's kind of shy, but loves kids. She teaches nursery school at the church where her daddy's the preacher."

I wasted no time getting to the grocery. When I walked in, Bette was standing behind the counter, wearing white slacks and a blue button-up blouse that concealed two healthy breasts.

I grabbed a candy bar and mentioned

that I was a friend of Greg T.'s and how I was staying there for the summer.

She was fascinated that I wanted to be a writer; so we talked about that for a while. I suggested that we could get together later, maybe take a boat ride.

Bette blushed at such a proposal and looked away. "Okay," she responded, still blushing, "I get off at two o'clock."

Back at the house I couldn't wait for two o'clock to come around. I kept staring at that picture. She was so wonderful-



ly forbidden. I yanked my pants down and started slowly pulling on my tool, imagining that that innocent Southern belle was really staring at my cock.

When I returned to the store, she was talking to a tall, slender man with chiseled features, her father, the Reverend. We said hello politely enough, but there was a sour expression on his face, and I knew he didn't care for me. Bette promised to be home for dinner, and we left.

She took me to the lake, which looked just as it did in the painting. The wooden boat was even there. I asked her to sit in the back of it, just as she had in the painting, but she seemed to resent that.

"Everyone is always thinking of me the way I am in that painting. I'm tired of being stuck in the little-girl role." She went on to confess that all the guys she'd grown up with had been afraid to approach her because she was the Reverend's daughter. Now that almost all the other young people had left town, she felt completely alone. Her revelations became increasingly personal, until she was nearly

I pulled her to me, and she began sobbing on my shoulder. "I'm here," I assured her.

"You don't understand. I've been terribly sheltered all my life. I'm retarded when it comes to men."

"Come on; it's not that bad." I tried to pull her chin up to kiss her.

"I've never even seen a man naked. Not even in a magazine."

"Would you like to see me naked?"

"You wouldn't tell a soul, would you?"

"No, of course not." I dipped my smiling face down where she could see me.

She finally looked up at me. Her eyes had cleared, and she was reassured. She was still very nervous; however, her hair quivered as she shook her head yes. I took her hand and led her through the brush. We came upon a clearing, and I sat her down against a tree.

She watched my hands intently as I unbuttoned my shirt. Her face flushed. She closed her eyes and took a deep breath after watching my shirt fall to the ground. She slowly reopened her eyes. Sweat poured down her face. I could not pull my eyes from the fear and anticipation in her expression. She watched my muscles flex as I pulled off my shoes and socks. I unbuttoned my pants. She licked her lips. I unzipped my fly and pulled at my waistline. She jumped back, and her eyes widened when my hard cock poked out at her face. I stepped out of my pants. My feet straddled her thighs as my swollen dick almost poked her in the forehead.

"It's so big," she whispered.

"Go ahead. Touch it."

She squeezed the head, then the shaft, examining the contrasting textures with her fingertips. She brought her left hand up and pulled open the hole with both



thumbs. My cock twitched out of her hands. It startled her.

"It's okay. Put your mouth on it." My voice cracked as I told her this.

She pulled my throbbing cock down to her mouth. I thought my head was going to explode when she enveloped it with her mouth. She then slowly pulled her lips back over it. When she pulled back, she was slightly surprised to see some clear liquid oozing out. She flicked the tip of her tongue against the opening to taste it. She then took several inches into her mouth and held it there. I slid my dick in and out of her mouth. The faster I facefucked her, the more she moaned.

When the frenzy had reached a fever pitch, she jerked her mouth away. She grasped my shaft near the top with her tight little pussy. It just didn't look like it was going to fit. I began rubbing the head of my dick against her cunt. She brought her hands to her face, clutching her forehead. She began going, "Oooh! Oooh!" The "Oohs" got louder as I worked my rod into her. "Ooh! It hurts! Take it out!" she pleaded.

We had gone too far to stop at that point. I rammed my fat seven inches into her. She writhed first in pain, then in ecstasy, as our bushes ground into one another. She grabbed her knees and pulled them apart in an attempt to spread her cunt. Then she clawed at my ass to drive me in deeper.

Her hands flew from my ass to the back of my head. I thought she was going to pull half my hair out as a wave of juices As it got darker and I sat in my car sipping a beer, it seemed such luck would be impossible.

Then I saw two. A tall redhead in a blue string bikini that barely contained her enormous breasts, and a tan, shapely blonde in a tight white T-shirt. I dashed from the car, almost in a panic.

"Well, hello," the blonde waved as I walked up. I noticed the redhead looking at my crotch. In my haste and drunken anticipation, my cock had become hard, and the tip was sticking from the hem of my cutoff jeans. But they pretended not to notice as I invited them to join me for a few hot dogs and brews. Much to my delight, they accepted, and I followed two of the nicest asses I'd seen all day back up the beach to my car.

The blonde sat in back next to the ice chest. Cathy, the redhead in the string bikini, sat up front with me. I gazed into her green, sexy eyes. She placed a hand on my hairy thigh, and my cock throbbed harder. The girls rolled up the windows, supposedly so we could smoke dope, but they had other reasons for wanting some privacy.

"It's so quiet out there," Blondie remarked. "Like church or something."

"Yeah," I said. "They're waiting for the fireworks."

"Too bad," said Cathy. She popped a perfect breast from the left side of her bikini. "I wanted to show you these, but you'd probably make too loud a panting sound and attract the neighbors."

I quickly determined what sort of sound she would make when I tweaked her nipple. She emitted a giggling shriek.

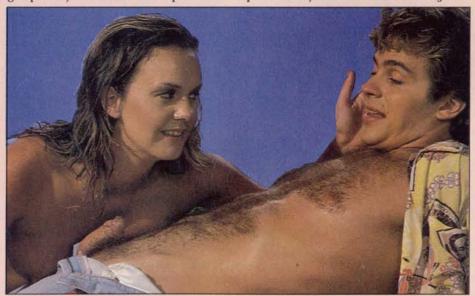
The blonde slapped Cathy's shoulder. "Stop it," she hissed. "People on the hood of that car turned this way."

"What the hell," I said as I grabbed Cathy's neck beneath her long, red hair. "Let's chance it."

She kicked off her bikini panties as I tugged the bra off and began stroking her breasts. Her hands pulled at my cutoffs as I rose to my knees and she maneuvered on her back beneath me. We fell together, humping.

Then cold wetness splashed my back—the jealous blonde was pouring beer on me. I rose to look over the seat, my cock still embedded in Cathy, who was grabbing my ass and flexing her belly. Blondie was completely naked and spread open back there, and even in the dark I could see the all-American blond snatch.

"Cathy," I said, "we were rude to your



"Bette jerked faster and faster as she stared at the tip of my cock. I moaned. I couldn't contain myself."

hand. I moved her hand to the bottom of the shaft, and back and forth.

"Like that," I instructed.

She jerked faster and faster as she stared at the tip of my dick. I moaned. I couldn't contain myself. The more I moaned, the more she moaned. A stream of cum splattered off her nose. She shut her eyes and jerked her head from side to side as I covered her face in jism. Then she dropped her head, letting some of the cum drip onto the ground.

I kneeled down and began undressing her. By the time I got her naked, my cock was throbbing again. I laid her back on the ground and pulled her knees up in the air. I kneeled there staring at her drenched my cock. I grabbed her wrists, slamming them to the ground, pounding my load into her abdomen.

I realized I'd be teaching class all summer as well. I didn't mind. She was the most attentive pupil I'd ever had. -J. S. Winchester, Kentucky

FOURTH OF JULY BANG

Last July 4th I spent the day at the beach, eating hot dogs and drinking beer, waiting for the evening's fireworks display along with everyone else. But I had not enjoyed one of the best of America's pleasures—a big-busted, lean-assed coed.

"She pulled me to my knees between her sexy thighs. . . . The smell of pussy flooded the car's interior."



friend. Let's all go in the backseat."

I leapt over the seat and had a beautiful view of Cathy's freckled ass as she came over behind me.

"Oww," she said. "Can we move the seat up? The ice chest is in my back."

"Yeah," I said as I pushed the seat forward. I took the chest and pushed it into the front seat. Chips and hot dogs and water tumbled out to make a mess, but at that moment I didn't care as Cathy's fingers clasped my cock.

"Let me get my lips around your firecracker," she mumbled.

The coeds were working me over. I shot a load down Cathy's throat. Then the blonde squeezed me until I was rigid again. She rolled on her back and pulled me to my knees between her sexy thighs. I rammed into her like a frenzied animal. The smell of pussy flooded the car's interior. We were rocking like mad.

"Look what I found," said Cathy. She was opening a package of firecrackers.

"No," I said.

The blonde's mouth was buried in my throat; her breasts slapped against my chest. The car's vinyl seat stuck to my knees. I was riding herd on one of the hottest, juiciest pieces of woman flesh I had ever bucked into. I felt her finger at my asshole. Shit, I would spurt my load, and the ride would be over.

But I remembered that her hands were on my shoulders.

"Should I light it?" asked Cathy.

"No, no. They'll hear it."

I was locked like a rutting dog into the blonde's viselike grip around my neck. Her long, clutching legs entwined my thighs. And Cathy was working a small firecracker into my exposed asshole.

"No! No!"

"I don't like being ignored. I think I'll light it."

"Okay! Okay!" I panted as the blonde

humped wildly and her legs straightened. She had a tremendous orgasm. Her feet kicked the roof and rear window with a loud thump. Silhouettes in the next car shifted to look at us. But then they turned away as a loud boom resounded from out over the ocean. The show had begun.

I turned away from the blonde so quickly that I felt the firecracker eject from my anus. But I was so angry at Cathy that I roughly slapped one of her boobs.

"You, young lady, are going to find out what it feels like to have something up your ass."

I pushed her bellydown onto the seat. Cathy struggled a bit, but not enough to be convincing.

"Go ahead," said Blondie. "She loves it up the ass."

My cock was still lubed up from Blondie's snatch; so I sent my rigid member hard up Cathy's back hole. She gasped loudly, but outside all attention was riveted to the booming fireworks display.

Since Cathy had not yet gotten off, I reached under and fingered her clitoris while I rammed her ass from behind. She purred happily beneath me and tensed and relaxed in several orgasms before I flooded her ass with my sperm.

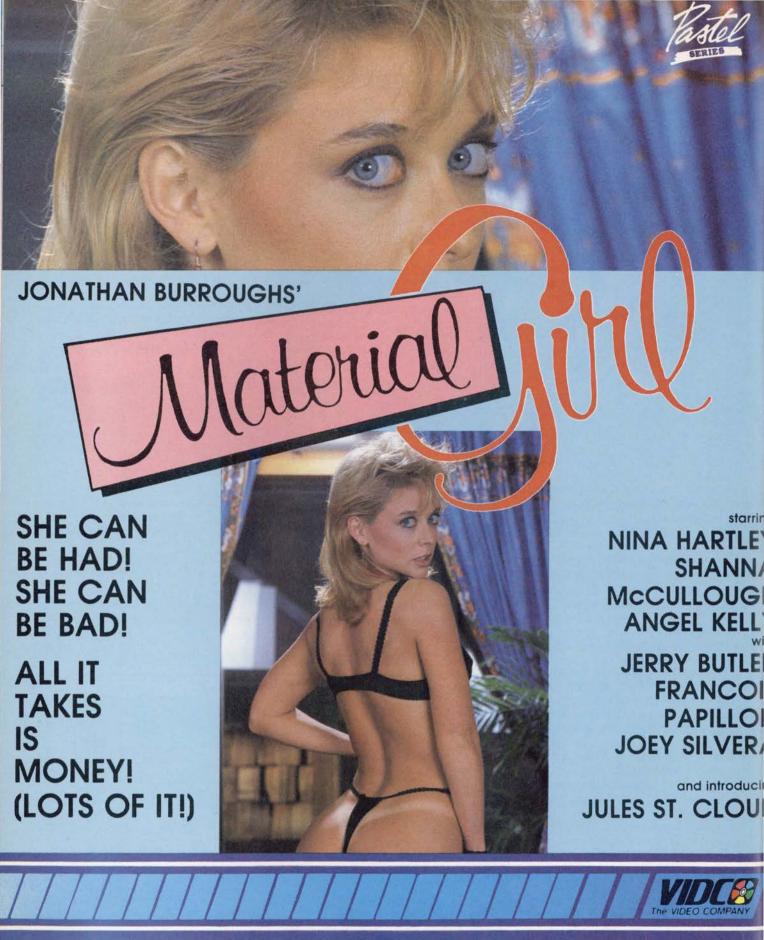
As a spectacular multicolored rocket lit up the horizon, I sat up and patted the lovely coeds on each side of me. We heard a series of rapid booming sounds.

"That was quite a bang," I said.

(continued on page 40)

"With one brave plunge I snaked my tongue out and probed her tight anal opening. Her tiny anus puckered."





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ASSHOLE OF THE MONTH

When a man's head is so full of bullshit that it displaces his brain, he spews bullshit ideas that fool only himself, since anyone else can recognize the smell. For polluting the Reagan Administration with his shit-simple ideology, White House Director of Communications Patrick J. Buchanan is Asshole of the Month.

Every time this drizzling sphincter opens, out gushes another intestinal blast of life founded on McCarthyism, a childish black-and-white world view and pigheaded devotion to narrow ideals. Trained in argumentation by Jesuits-Catholic priests who until recently made their points using swords as well as crucifixes-Buchanan captivates easily amused Prez Ronnie with fiery words against the bogeymen of conservatives-the press, liberal politicians and other free citizens

When he was a \$400,000-ayear media commentator and lecturer, his racism, antipress ravings and Red-baiting were part of a public forum, offset

Patrick J. Buchanan



by other opinions and responsible journalism. As Buchanan's former boss on the Mc-Laughlin Reports said, "Pat never did any reporting, never immersed himself in reality." His key White House post lets Buchanan funnel shit-brained ideas directly into Ronnie's limited thinking process, giving him force in policymaking. His flatulence as speechmaker—one of his real duties—is un-

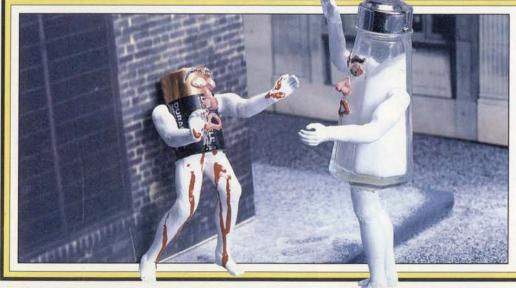
derstandable, but giving his gaseous emissions the weight of real politics could be explosive. Unfortunately, innocent Americans will be splattered by the dung while war-wimp Buchanan hides behind Washington's closed doors.

That's how the man in charge of the White House press office deals with the media-ignoring them. For a conduit of information to the Pres-

ident, Buchanan is more a butt plug. He's also the shithead who got Reagan to go ahead with his visit to a Nazi soldier cemetery and to veto the farmrelief bill. Like diarrhea, Buchanan erupts uncontrollably, labeling opponents of \$100 million in contra aid as Communists, a kind of political lowblow not felt since Nixon soiled the Presidency.

No surprise, since Buchanan was a speechwriter for Tricky Dicky and all-time scumbag Spiro T. Agnew. After Nixon's deceit was exposed, Buchanan hung on like dingleberries to the Nixon lie, urging him to destroy embarrassing tapes. Now Buchanan is back in a position to promote all the old ideals: South African apartheid, a religious-minded Supreme Court, punishing media that have a "left-wing bias," the death penalty and sending feminists "back to the kitchen where they belong."

Maybe Buchanan is the conservative turd that stinks up the place bad enough to get the whole lot flushed.

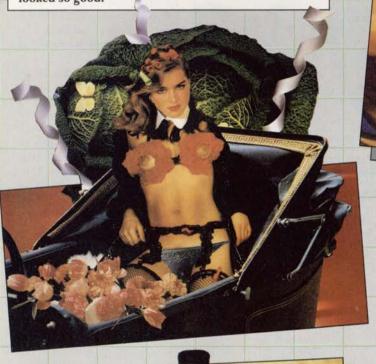


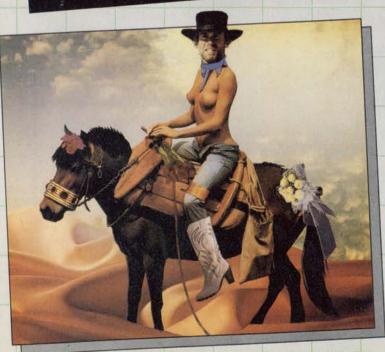
Salt and Battery

he city just isn't safe for ordinary folks these days, what with the constant confrontations between the Coppertops and the Morton Shakers. Ever ready for high-voltage violence, the badarea batteries take on their well-seasoned, meat-wise opponents till the electrifying finish, when the streets run white with salt. When the power-hungry victor is caught, he'll be spending a lot of time recharging himself in a padded Duracell.

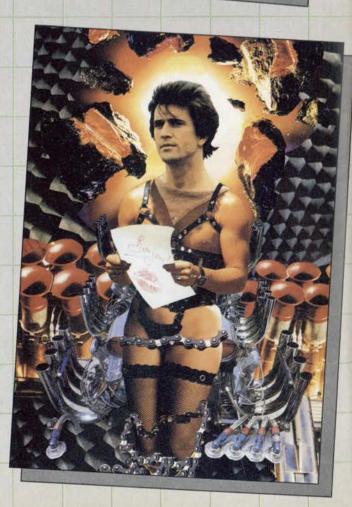
CELEBRITY CILL-UPS

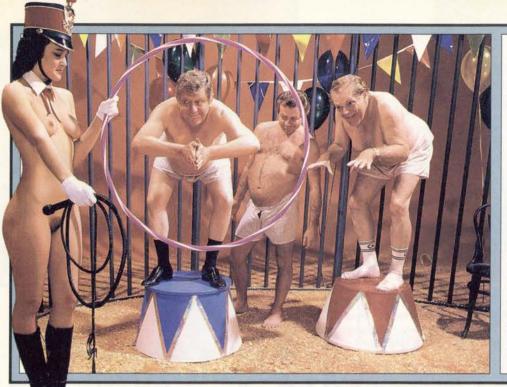
rench artist Philippe Sohiez does with his scissors what other easel-beaters do with oil paints and fine-bristled brushes. His outrageous collages of stars' heads on other bodies have gained him a lofty reputation overseas (his work has been published in *Lui* magazine), and we just couldn't resist the chance to showcase his talents in HUSTLER. You must admit: Clint Eastwood, Brooke Shields, Mel Gibson and Meryl Streep have never looked so good!











Weight Training

n this thin-thinking age of hardbodied health consciousness, it ain't easy being a lardbutt, blimp-belly, middle-aged male tub of cellulite. You may have worked hard to pack on all that extra poundage, but fat chance anyone's going to appreciate or be attracted to your monumental beer-fed bulk. Once it's obvious you're never going to lose that unsightly flab, you might as well whip it into shape. Make that excess flesh bend to your will at Domina Trixie's Weight Training Big Top. Obedient blubber doesn't always come easy, but even if you don't look any better, after a few weeks at Trixie's you'll at least be glad as hell it's over.

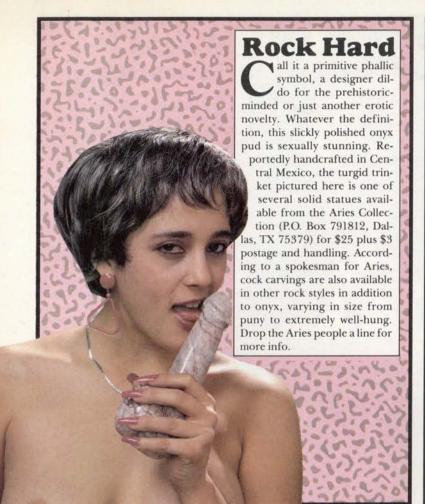
Birth of a Basketball Player

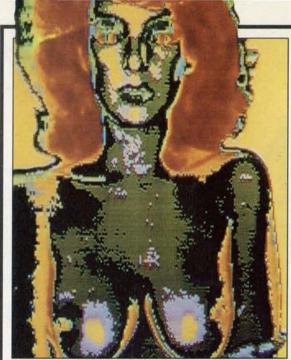
ell, you didn't think those incredible examples of black pituitary evolution came out just like you or me, did you? The ninth month of labor is a particular bitch—Mom can't sleep at all with the kid practicing his prenatal jump shots all night.





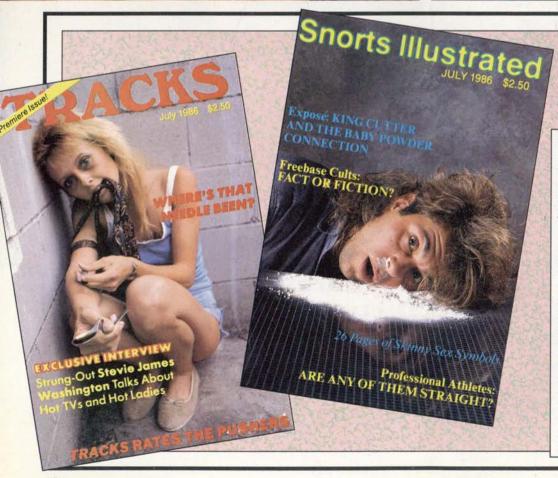
ow many times has it happened to you? You're about to get one of those delicious rimjobs from the little woman when all of a sudden she up and yells, "Honey, there's a piece of shit-crust on your asshole! Didn't you scrub before you came to bed?" Of course, your answer is no-you're just too lazy for that sort of menial chore. Well, fear not, lethargic gents. Now there's Ass Plus, the new industrial-strength rectal disinfectant specially designed to remove unsightly dingleberries and give your poop chute that squeaky clean look and smell. Ass Plus—use it on all your holes!





Graphic Arts

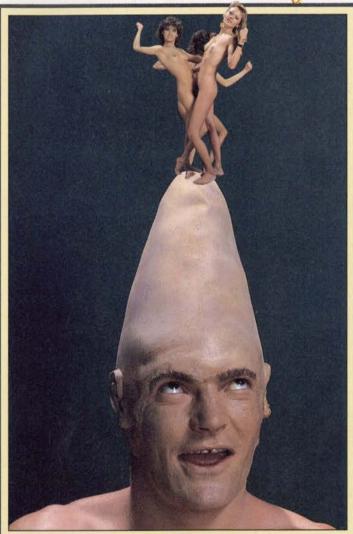
his high-tech "Electronic Nude" was created by New York's School of Visual Arts' Professor Laurence Gartel on a Macintosh computer. Gartel is convinced that computer art is going to eventually make all previous artwork obsolete. But frankly, we've seen sexier women, though there is something intriguing about her radioactive appearance, sort of an advanced chemotherapy look. She might be the dream girl for kids who spend a lot of time fantasizing in front of video games.



Magazines With Substance

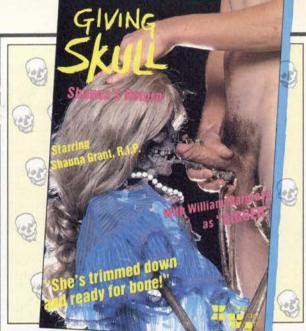
ove over High Times; now America's drug culture has two new specialty publications to keep it hip on what's going down in the wacky and wild world of illegal narcotics. For inner-city junkies with an eye for news, TRACKS is a pop-culture publication that covers heroin happenings from San Diego to Brooklyn. And for knowledgeable nose-candy nuts, SNORTS ILLUSTRATED blows onto the newsstand this month with features and pictorials guaranteed to stimulate. Smack your lips, burnouts, this is journalism!





A Foolosophical Question

ho gives a good goddamn how many angels can dance on the head of a pin? After all, nobody's ever seen them at it, unless you want to count the Flying Nun landing on a thumbtack. We've decided to address a far more important and urgent question, and we've even brought back visual evidence. Now you need never again wonder, "How many angels can dance on a pinhead?" Next question, please. . . .



Welcome Back, Shauna

Someone once said, "Old porn stars never die; they just get stoned, fucked, blow their brains out and return a couple years later with a new figure." Well, that porn adage proves true once again with the latest offering from Xumed Video Inc. titled Giving Skull: Shauna's Return.

That's right! Strawberry-blond cupcake Shauna Grant, who made such a splash in adult films until she committed suicide on March 21, 1984, is back on the sex scene with a dynamite feature that makes no bones about proclaiming the joys of posthumous pumping. Nice going, Ms. Applegate!

Submarine Sandwich

t's a bit pricey at \$30,000 a bite, but the new Navyapproved submarine sandwich certainly provides plenty more iron and roughage than ordinary seafood. Of course, the periscope tends to get caught between your teeth, and we don't recommend this snack to those who object to a mouthful of seamen.



2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054

July 1986

A Queer Ritual

New Guinea-The Sambia, an Eastern Highlands tribe, are troubling psychologists who believe sexual preferences are shaped early in life. From the age of eight the tribe's boys are raised as strict homosexuals, taught that to be real men they must drink plenty of semen. Upon marriage-in their late teens or early 20shomosexuality becomes taboo, and the men lead happy, heterosexual lives. No word on whether lads act deviant in their teens, playing daktari with girls.

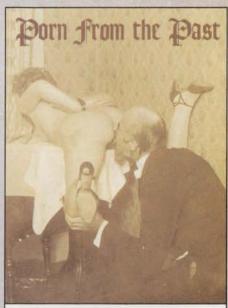
Loose Lips

Cumberland County, California-A jury acquitted the Reverend Andrew M. Buehl of charges that he attempted to solicit a prostitute. The Reverend Buehl was arrested after allegedly requesting "oral action" from an undercover policewoman who was posing as a hooker. Throughout his trial Buehl devoutly maintained that he thought the woman was sick and want-

ed only to help her. By "oral action" he claims he meant conversation. Buehl should consider himself lucky he didn't have a ven for Greek action when he approached the cop decoy.

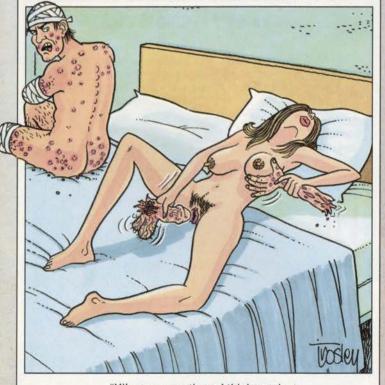
Wedding-Bell Blues

Bradenton, Florida-Dee and Daniel Sweeney got a little something extra when they hired Stephen Carroll to videotape their wedding ceremony. At the end of the wedding footage was a sequence in which a naked Carroll sexually abused himself, violently and with a variety of props, for about 70 minutes. Carroll had taped over an old home movie, neglecting to erase the end. Unfortunately, the embarrassment has not ended there. The tape was turned over to the authorities, who showed it in a training session for prospective police officers. This has upset the Sweeneys, since some of their wedding was apparently included in the course "Sex Crimes and Sexual Battery."



Located any vintage smut around the house lately? If the answer's yes, then send it off to "Porn From the Past," HUSTLER Magazine, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. And please enclose an SASE for return of photos. We pay \$150 for any we publish.

Aost Tasteless Cartoon



"Y'know, sometimes I think you just married me for my leprosy!"

Porn Wars

Washington, D.C.-The American Civil Liberties Union is strongly urging that the final report by the Attorney General's Commission on Pornography not be taken seriously. According to ACLU legislative counsel Barry Lynn, "Our worst fears have been surpassed." Former Playboy model Micki Garcia went unchallenged when she accused publisher Hugh Hefner of "sexual harassment, illegal job discrimination, unlawful drug use, murder, prostitution, rape and other assorted crimes." On the other hand, former Penthouse model Dottie Meyer, who testified on behalf of men's magazines, was extensively cross-examined about her own sexual habits, including questions such as whether she owned a personal collection of vibrators. All this, said Lynn, indicates that the commission showed an "absorbing fascination with bizarre sexual practices." Well, reviewing all that porn probably warped their minds.

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"I thought she dug being butt-fucked. Guess not. . . . "

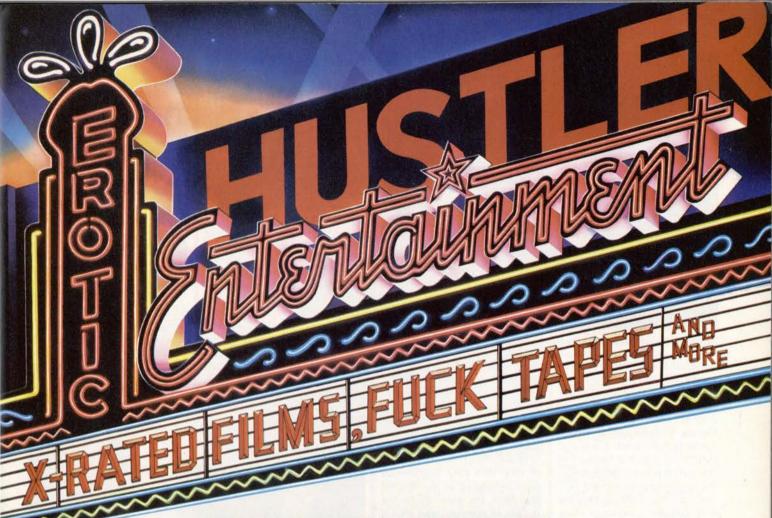


DARK SIDE

& DIRECTED

TRIP ON THE ALD SIDE **BLACK** AND WHITE **BACK-DOOR** SEX!

STARRING PURPLE **PASSION** BRADLEY LORIE LOVITT PISTARA ARRINGTO BUFFY RANDY



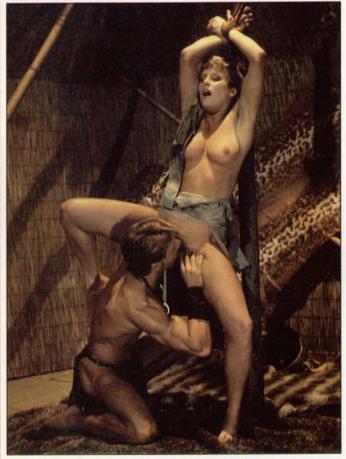
X-RATED FILMS

Edited by Doug Oliver

Millions of adults watch X-rated movies; yet most publications have constantly ignored the obvious need to inform the public as to which films are ripoffs and which ones aren't. HUSTLER's reviews of hard-core erotic films have long been regarded as the yardstick of the industry. We take this function seriously, and we'll continue to keep you abreast of the latest adult-film releases, and also do our best to spur porn producers on to even better productions.

Rated Sex

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced by Jack Daniels; written and directed by Robert McCallum; starring Honey Wilder, Frank Hollowell, Mai Lin, Shanna McCullough, Buffy Davis, Kari Foxx, Liz Randall, Tiffani DuPonte, Careena Collins, Alex Greco, Joey Silvera, Troy Tannier, Jerry Butler, Kevin James, Francois Papillon, Don Fernando and Mike



Jungle lord Francois stakes his claim on starlet Alex Greco in 'Rated Sex.'

Horner. Running time: 77 minutes.

Honey Wilder and Frank Hollowell, in nonsex roles, play porn's answer to mainstream movie critics Gene Siskel and Roger Ebert as they critique sex scenes from "upcoming" fuck flicks. The Siskel/Ebert joke wears thin fast and, as they stumble through their "spontaneous" banter as if someone had draped a sweater over their cue cards, you'll pray for two things: that the sex will be better than the setup and that it will hurry up and get here.

In the first scene detective Joey Silvera undertakes a lengthy probe of starlet Liz Randall's cooze. After Wilder and Hollowell blab on about the scene's pros and cons, we're treated to the movie's funniest sequence, a takeoff on *Pee Wee's Big Adventure* called, naturally, "Pee Pee's Big Adventure." It's a brief but stirring account of disembodied dick Pee Pee's search for Miss Warm Spot and their scolding encounter with Mr. Finger.

There's a Breakfast Club spoof in which beautiful Kari Foxx gets dicked at both ends by Jerry Butler (fore) and Troy Tannier (aft), a fairly steamy elevator group grope and a two-chicks-holedup-in-a-cabin-with-Billy-the-Kid



'Rated Sex': Kevin James alternates between the thighs above and the pud below.

scene, otherwise ordinary except for the luminous presence of succulent Careena Collins. (There's also a pulse-quickening pussystack in which Collins lies back on Shanna McCullough, affording Kevin James's prick a crack at their double-decked twats.) But the hottest pork of the picture is the jungle episode, a torrid twosome starring Francois Papillon and dynamic newcomer Alex Greco. This lovely creature with the rod-stiffening bod is one of the most arousingly vocal and believably orgasmic ladies to hit the soundtrack since Traci Lords first shattered eardrums a few years back. (Greco's convincing climax also highlights the elevator clusterfuck.)

Humor, heat and fresh faces perk up *Rated Sex*, a smoothly directed, highly entertaining collection of carnal capers that should score points with even the crankiest critics. –*D. O.*

Fashion Fantasies

Three-Quarters Erect. Produced and directed by Arthur Ben; written by Pamela Penn; starring Nina Hartley, Danielle, Taija Rae, Sharon Kane, Paula Meadows, Robert Bullock, Paul Thomas, Lili Marlene, Alan Adrian, George Payne, Michael Gaunt, Charlie LaTour, David Morris, Lauren Stewart, Mic Igan and Eric Monti. Running time: 82 minutes.

This crisp, clever film bounces from episode to episode propelled by humor and energetic sexuality. Capably directed, Fashion Fantasies' buoyant story is studded with excellent performances by its accomplished cast.

Reminiscent of Hollywood's 1942 Tales of Manhattan, Fashion Fantasies is the story of a dress that, due to conveniently unusual circumstances, makes the rounds of New York City. Supposedly once belonging to sex symbol Mae West, the dress affects the sex life of everyone who tries it on . . . female or male.

Lili Marlene and Alan Adrian are the first to experience the dress's sexual power. After their shuddering climaxes, Marlene delivers it to a boutique for sale. Danielle, drawn to the garment, tries it on while her partners (Nina Hartley and Paula Meadows) are away from the shop. When boyfriend Robert Bullock happens along, Danielle fucks his brains out. When Bullock comes on the dress, Danielle freaks out

and forces him to buy it (to explain its absence from the boutique). He's to get it cleaned and then return it for a refund in a few days.

Taija Rae, a girl from Bullock's office, is supposed to return the dress for him, but wears it the night before to wealthy snob Paul Thomas's apartment. Thomas and Rae's hilarious, uninhibited encounter is one of Fashion's sexual and acting high points.

The dress next finds its way onto superstud David Morris, the wimpy sex toy of rich bitch Charlie LaTour. After prancing around a bit, Morris suddenly rebels, asserts himself sexually and really slams his meat into LaTour. She goes wild under his unexpected dominance and lunges for his cock, trying to gobble up the

fantasy fashionable among couples and, actually, anyone who can get past its lame title. -D. O.

The Good Time Girls

One-Quarter Erect. Produced by Mark Curtis; written by Mark Weiss; directed by Jack Remy; starring Drea, Erica Boyer, Shanna McCullough, Laurie Smith, Misty Reagan, Cara Lott, Martina, Billy Dee, Mike Horner, John Stagliano and William Margold. Running time: 90 minutes.

The Good Time Girls, filmed nearly three years ago, is just now being released. From the look of it, another three years' editing wouldn't hurt. But the jumbled



'Fantasies': Lili Marlene applies her tonsils to Alan Adrian's wonder-wand.

streams of jizz when he comes.

Despite the story's pat, contrived ending and a so-so to warm final orgy, Fashion Fantasies never bogs down. Its pacing, wit and good nature will make this

scenes, too-abrupt transitions and missing plot-links are not solely responsible for *Girls*' problems. This flick is a veritable cornucopia of canards—and that's without taking the creaky continuity into consideration. (William Margold wears two different shirts in the same barroom scene, and Drea unaccountably finishes the film in a black wig, for example.)

First some background: Good Time Girls is about a bevy of stripjoint dancers who get recruited by Margold to perform on a television aerobics show. Margold finds the girls in a club owned by Drea, his ex-flame and ex-dance partner. We're shown a flashback of Drea and Margold in the good old days doing a Fred-and-Ginger routine . . . except Margold is nowhere to be seen. Instead, Drea is partnered by a tubby toe-tapper who, though graceful, looks like an escapee from a lard-rendering vat. (Rule



Horny Nina Hartley has major designs on this pussy in 'Fashion Fantasies.'

#1: If you're going to make a movie about dancing, make sure you hire actors who can dance. Rule #2: If you're forced to hire a double for your actor who can't dance, make sure he's not a triple.) But this surprise is nothing compared to what comes next: They fuck. More accurately, they bludgeon eroticism to death.

The other sex scenes are more successful-particularly a fantasy sequence between sailor Mike Horner and stripper Shanna Mc-Cullough (although the sound mixer went overboard with the sea-gull, foghorn and crashingwaves audio effects), and a second fantasy in which Horner receives a sensational slurpy suck from the saliva-drooling mouth of Laurie Smith. Another brief but remarkable blowiob is delivered by Martina at the beginning of the film. For the most part, though, the dance sequenceswhether the near-hot stylized sex ballet between Erica Boyer and Martina or a tedious solo strip by Misty Reagan-are given indiscriminate prominence over sex scenes that, consequently, tend to be hasty and rushed.

On the plus side the butchered screenplay offers up some engaging and snappy dialogue, Drea-who has since opted for employment on the other side of the camera-turns in an admirable acting performance, and some of the dancing is surprisingly good . . . none of which is nearly enough to keep this offkilter production from falling on its ass. -D. O.



No HUSTLER Rating. Produced by Anthony Rufus Isaacs and Zalman King; written by Patricia Knop, Zalman King and Sarah Kernochan; directed by Adrian Lyne; starring Mickey Rourke and Kim Basinger. Running time: 126 minutes.

This is probably the only mainstream movie ever that will be put in the shade by its porn ripoffnot because a porn "version" would be technically superior, relationship between John (Mickey Rourke) and Elizabeth (Kim Basinger). John repeatedly pushes Elizabeth past her sexual limits. She goes along for the ride for 91/2 weeks, then hauls ass out of there. And we never know why. We have no idea what act he convinced her to experience that she found so debasing-or enjoved so much-that she wanted out. It was simply cut out of the

Now, we're not so naive as to



Basinger goes '91/2 Weeks' with Rourke . . . for audiences, 91/2 minutes will do.

but because 91/2 Weeks is dishonest. X-rated films, no matter how shoddy, are rarely dishonest or hypocritical. They're about sex, purely and simply, and that's what they deliver. This film is supposed to be about sex and ends up being about everything but-shopping, fashion, interior design, food, art, you name it. It delivers nothing.

Briefly, 91/2 Weeks is about the

expect a major Hollywood production to come out with hardcore sex, but when a movie hires porn performers (Joey Silvera and Petina Cole) to fuck in a sexclub sequence and has its leading characters purchase a riding crop with the express purpose of not using it on a horse, we expect more than crowd-reaction shots and a whack on the thigh in the livery store. Time after time the audience is set up for scenes that never materialize because the balls have been ripped right off this movie.

How could a film even get financing, let alone be made, before Hollywood's hysterical moguls noticed that it was about that most terrifying of all subjects ... s-e-x? And not only sex, but sadomasochism, humiliation and bondage, sexual orientations that mainstream America and its slaves in Hollywood publicly claim to find offensive. What's the point in even making a movie about these topics if the end result is to wimp out and censor them? No point at all. There's even less point in seeing this picture. Despite the titillating ad campaign and the scores of articles alluding to its naughtinessand Basinger's beautiful buns-91/2 Weeks is neither titillating nor naughty. It's a cheat. -D. O.

ON THE

This column lists and rates erotic films reviewed in past issues of HUSTLER and HUSTLER's Erotic Video Guide. The films below may be showing at a theater in your neighborhood, or available on videocassettes.



Fully Erect

New Wave Hookers She's So Fine Snake Eves Taboo IV Trashy Lady



Three-Quarters Erect

Caught From Behind III the Movie Girls of the Night Looking for Mr. Goodsex Love Bites Missing Pieces More Reel People, Part 2 Night Prowlers Passion Pit Perfect Fit Sex Crimes 2084 Sister Dearest Taboo American Style, Part I Taboo American Style, Part III The Love Scene The Voyeur Tickled Pink



Half Erect

A Coming of Angels-The Sequel **Blonde Heat** Blue Ice Candy Stripers II Dames Dear Fanny Flesh and Ecstasy Gettin' Ready **Naked Scents** Sex Wars Showgirls Street Heat Supergirls Do General Hospital Taboo American Style, Part II Taboo American Style, Part IV The Pleasure Hunt, Part II The Ribald Tales of Canterbury



One-Quarter Erect

Blondie Heart Throbs How Do You Like It



For Services Rendered Sex Drive

NOTE: Since many X-rated films are censored to conform to "local community standards," the movies we review here might not be exactly the version you see. Check with your theater to make sure that you're getting the real thing.

RATING GUIDE



Superior. A top production.

THREE-QUARTERS ERECT A well-made film. HALF ERECT



So-so. Limited appeal. ONE-QUARTER ERECT Poor. Don't expect much. TOTALLY LIMP A waste of time and money.



'Good Time Girls' Martina and Erica Boyer stage a stylized snatch-slurp ballet.

PORNPOURRI

Edited by Doug Oliver

Adult entertainment has diversified. Videotapes produced exclusively for home viewing are now being manufactured and can be purchased at this country's nearly 15,000 video stores, or through scores of mail-order companies. To help you sort out the best from the rest, HUSTLER provides these capsule reviews of the newest X-rated home videos, as well as the latest happenings in the world of erotic entertainment.

Don't Tell Daddy, No. 1

(L.A. Video) The idea of taking several youthful starlets and having them pretend to be even younger than they really are



while sexing it up like possessed fuck demons is always a timely and pleasant notion.

Watching Bunny Bleu lay a beautiful straight-up blowjob on Marc Wallice and seeing Tom Byron and Gina Valentino appearing to have the time of their lives is visual proof that this young-girl business is reason enough for a video. Unfortunately, only by a tremendous stretch of the imagination can Tish Ambrose be perceived as a fresh-faced bobby-soxer in pigtails. But she gives hearty head to Jerry Butler, and he goes wholehog boffing her doggy-style. In fact, just about everybody seems to really get off-in particular Honey Wilder with Steve Drake, and Summer Rose with Buck Adams. (Adams gets so amped plugging Rose's butthole that he licks his cum off her ass cheeks.) The only problem this feature has, aside from one mediocre fuck, an entirely ho-hum lesbo I'd-rather-be-sleeping routine, the nonappearance of several people listed in the credits, and Beverly Glen, who doesn't even take off her clothes, is that it does not deliver enough teen-type chicks. Perhaps in the promised sequel we'll be treated to something not to tell Daddy about.

-Allan MacDonell

Rump Humpers

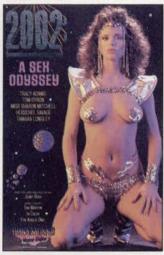
(Wet Video) The copy on the box of this slickly packaged video promises, "No ifs or ands . . . just butts!" This statement is almost truth in advertising; unfortunately, there are a few ifs or ands. If only the camerawork had been a bit less stationary, the sexual fireworks might have been more explosive. And why is "What's your sign?" still an acceptable line of dialogue in 1986? But all that pales once filth-mouth Rick Savage cock-spanks Summer Rose, slaps her titties around, grand-slams her asshole and tops her off with a very messy faceful of orgasm. By the time Steve Powers and Savage cunt- and assream Kelli Richards-fucking the New York street-slut accent out of her-none of the ifs or ands matter. So what if portions of some of the remaining sex are lackadaisical? The balling is continuous, close-ups will make the nearsighted throw away their



glasses, and the promised anal action is delivered. *Rump Humpers* will more than satisfy butt-crazed pud-thumpers. —*A. M.*

2002 (A Sex Odyssey)

(Dreamland Home Video) Although its title plays on the sci-ficlassic with the digital title, 2002



is actually a terrestrial takeoff of 1985's blockbuster hit *Back to the Future*. Tom Byron plays a teen-

Leslie Winston and Sharon Mitchell have a "Me Generation" muff-munch that sizzles. In the '80s, Summers still refuses to put out; so Byron, tired of watching other people fuck, slips his fleshfazer into tempting Tracey Adams's mouth and pussy. In a clever plot twist, Summers wants to go "back to the present," where she finally lets Byron enjoy her . ample delights during a spermsplattered future-fuck. Set your videocassette scanners for a hot and horny destination: 2002 (A -Bill Butler Sex Odyssey).

Hot Nights at the Blue Note Cafe

(Western Visuals) This Jerome Tanner-directed cop-and-gangster epic-ette features gorgeous girls (including the aptly named Kari Foxx, who looks great getting boned any way at all, but is a doggy-stylist's dream date), salivating camera angles and simulated violence. It even has plausible dialogue and intelligent nonsex scenes to advance the



Kari Foxx and Brittany Stryker are a hot duo in 'Hot Nights at the Blue Note Cafe.'

ager in the year 2002 who's obsessed with nailing his naughty neighbor, Renee Summers. When his parents leave him alone for the night, he takes Summers for a special spin in his dad's time machine, a magical Mazda. At each destination in time-the 1950s, '60s, '70s and '80s-Byron and Summers stumble across erotic acts of the era. Herschel Savage porks Tamara Longley at a drive-in movie, Summer Rose gets butt-fucked during a groovy 60s-style group grope with Longley and Buck Adams, and plot. Tanner also tosses in extra special surprises: delightful Nina Hartley licking the conjunction of cunts as Foxx and Brittany Stryker-taking full advantage of a double-dork-bump pussies, D. J. Starr's clit expanding with arousal after Jamie Gillis toefucks her, Patti Petite squeezing two cocks into her vagina and a frenetic fiveway with Hartley, Tom Byron, Peter North, Stryker and Foxx. A short list of imperfections is headed by the impression that actors, because they're playing multiple roles, are in two



places at once, and the story's premature ending just as the carefully orchestrated dramatic events are about to come to a head. Nevertheless, *Blue Note Cafe* is certain to provide porn lovers many a hot night.

-A. M.

The Postman Always Comes Twice

(Ambassador Video) Schizophrenic photography is one problem in this less-than-dreamy vehicle starring Peter North and Catherine Crystal (a/k/a Chrystal Evans and Shannon) as mail carriers who are either delivering sex toys or personally stuffing slots and boxes. There are a few effective extreme close-ups of Penny Morgan sucking North off and an arousing view of Bunny Bleu's poppin' fresh buns as North's pole slides up her cunt, but mostly little happens for the camera to focus on. The Morgan/Bleu/ Robin Cannes girl-grope is predominantly tame-which rhymes



with lame and, unfortunately, leads to more of the same. When porn biggies Herschel Savage and Crystal meet, the almost nonexistent sexual tension is overshadowed by our anxiety concerning a chair's ability to support the two of them. This uneasy fuck culminates in Savage making an uncredible show of pretending to come inside Crystal. North, the only other male in this video, spurts three giant loads of jizz during the course of events, enabling the girls to do quick facial impersonations of glazed doughnuts. The postman may have come at least twice, but anyone watching this will have trouble busting his nut even

Backdoor Brides

(Paradise Visuals) If Backdoor Brides is to be believed, wedding parties just aren't what they used to be. With bridesmaids and ush-



ers engaging in free-for-all threesomes that have best men schtupping from shitter to shitter, decorum and etiquette make only the briefest cameo appearances. Brides features several interesting sexual combinations, two of which are particularly noteworthy. In one, Marc Wallice and Tom Byron get their cocks sucked at the same time by the big mouth of the bride (beautiful beast Brittany Stryker), then slice into her asshole and cunt as she goes totally animalistic. Later, Kelli Richards and Barbie Blake relieve groom Rick Savage of his virginity, stacking their cunts so he can lick and dick from one to the other before finishing in Richards's ass. Technically, outdoor shots are marred by glare, the Dick Rambone segment is shrouded in shadow, and the often overdone voice-dubbing at times bears no connection to the faces on the screen. But for the most part these *Brides* fuck full steam ahead and don't look back.

Christine's Secret

(VCA Pictures) This third in a series of cassettes from porn vet Candida Royalle's Femme Pro(Anthony Spinelli Productions) Ecstasy is first cousin once removed to director Anthony Spinelli's excellent Talk Dirty to Me One More Time. Like Talk Dirty, Ecstasy deals with a husband (John Leslie) and wife (Shanna McCullough) whose sexual relationship comes equipped with arguments, fantasy games and verbal torture. There's lots of smutty sex talk, but much of the dialogue—especially the arguments—is inane and repetitious, which weakens the

Ecstasy



Marita Ekberg and Frank Serrone share a tryst in femme-oriented 'Secret.'

ductions is aimed specifically at the female audience. Dirt with a difference, Secret is hard-core, to be sure, but don't expect any medical-quality close-ups or bimbos being spattered with buckets of jizz. The emphasis is on mood as much as the moves of love. This tender, sensuous approach still manages to generate heat. Chelsea Blake and George Payne take a loving tumble between the sheets, and the Carol Cross/Jake West masturbation montagewhich provides the video's only cum-shot-is a slick prick- and pussy-pleaser. No matter who this tape is geared to, Secret is a superbly crafted production. The photography is among the finest in the pornvid marketplace, and other technical details-except for sound-are of the highest order. The main problem this tape has, even for its target audience, is the too-slow and toodreamy pace. Nevertheless, Christine's Secret is a refreshing change that may help you score some points with a special lady.

-B. B.

The sex is consistently hot, though, and for novelty we're treated to a pussy fart, some fresh faces (Katie Thomas and Barbie Blake) and a no-hands cum-shot when Leslie pulls out of McCullough's snatch and lets Mr. Penis spew the goo onto her tits unaided. Technically, Ecstasy is very high-quality. As for content, it's both too much and not enough like Talk Dirty. Compari-



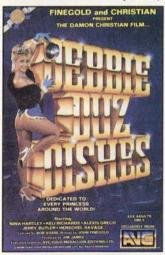


Harry Reems presides over a devilish dildo-nightmare sequence in 'Indecent Itch.'

sons are inevitable. It's a good tape, no doubt about it, but it doesn't deliver the sexual nirvana its title suggests. -Greg Lee

Debbie Duz Dishes

(Adult Video Corporation) The throwaway one-liners in Debbie Duz Dishes are nonrecyclable, and the gags all choke, but the delectable tan lines on Nina Hartley's wallop-packing ass and Kelli Richards as a rich, exquisitely

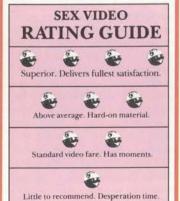


filthy socialite cunt are worthy of repeated chicken-choking. Hartley can't cook or do dishes, but when she gives hubby Mike Horner a lengthy kitchen-floor fuck, it's easy to see why he's happily married. Later, when she's banging fast-talking salesman Jerry Butler and his hydraulic sex machine, it's easy to see why he's happily employed. Richards spreads more happiness with some hearty shots of her face being fucked by Billy Dee, who eventually lands a load in her ass. In Debbie's next, and last, vital scene two deliverymen give Richards a free demonstration of a new mattress. She obliges by taking their cocks in her mouth and pussy, sucking balls and eating ass. *Debbie Duz Dishes* might have ended happily here, but there are further cornball antics, some lackluster balling and a nonsexual exorcism, during which the eroticism seems to wash right out.

-A. M.

Indecent Itch

(VCR) Writer/producer/director/editor/cameraman-hell, he even stars in the tape-John Stagliano uses a shoestring plot, a good-looking go-for-it cast, a handful of sex toys, a couple of fantasy sequences and a gallon of Wesson oil to form this fuck feature. Plotwise, Gail (Brittany Stryker) doesn't get out much; so her girlfriends (Kathlyn Moore, Bunny Blake and Sandy Summers) throw a party for hercomplete with male stripper (Stagliano) and sex-toy birthday gifts. Returning home with her new playthings, Stryker fantasizes while filling her snatch with a pink plastic prick. In one scene she deep-throats Tony Martino while Steve Drake dorks her ass and Marc Wallice pumps her



pussy. In a second fantasy sequence the devil (Harry Reems) drives dildos into Stryker's butt and beaver. Back in the real world Rick Savage and Wallice take on Kathlyn Moore and Bunny Blake in a smoking session of tag-team poke-and-stroke. In the finale, Stryker gets dicked in both holes by Stagliano, after which they join the rest of the cast for a slick and slippery oilcoated orgy. This workout-inthe-Wesson builds to a pussypumping, butt-banging, semenspilling, cholesterol-free climax. Overall, Indecent offers a fairly decent dose of video carnality. -B. B.

Hyapatia Lee's Secret Dreams

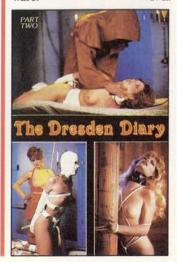
(Electric Hollywood) These may be the secret dreams of Marie Osmond or Debbie Boone, but they



couldn't possibly belong to love goddess Hyapatia Lee. Why would the sex superstar with the perfect face and body waste her time dreaming about these tame encounters? Except for the exotic settings of two of the episodes-a tepee tryst with Ken Starbuck and a geisha gash-grind with Mai Lin-the sex is not much different from what you'd get at home. It's also distressing to think that someone with Lee's sexual experience could dream up the most boring blowjob in video history: Jeanie Pepper sucks Field Marshal Bradley's dick as if it were eight inches of solid morphine. What's worse, this dreary suckoff is the tape's final sex scene-not exactly what you'd call a big finish. For Hyapatia Lee fans, however, her existence alone is reason enough to watch Secret Dreams. Actually, Lee's breathtaking beauty is reason enough for anyone to view this tape. No complaints about the look of the production. It's visually superb. In fact, the technical quality almost overshadows the sex. But there'd have been no chance of that happening if, instead of her Secret Dreams, Hyapatia had given us her Secret Nightmares. Maybe next time.

The Dresden Diary, Part II

(Bizarre Video) Tough-talking bitch dominatrix Cyndee Summers puts two blond lovelies through their paces in this video that doubles as a living catalog of latex and vinyl outfits and paraphernalia. Though not as good as Part I, which presented a wider variety of training activities, Part II covers quite a bit of fetish territory: simulated piercing of nipples and pussy lips, trussing, humiliation, tempting close-ups of shoes, a cracking session with the cat-o'-nine-tails and some downright menacing talk. ("Would you like me to just rip them off, and we'll start your training all over?" isn't exactly what a girl wants to hear regarding the gold rings in her nipples and labia . . . or is it?) The girls are pretty. They struggle and obey appropriately and, though there's plenty of nudity, there's no sex whatsoever, as is the case with most bondage-anddiscipline tapes. Quality control on this title is out to lunch. Cassettes may vary from good to virtually unwatchable. Buyer, beware.



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(continued from page 8)

seen in our photo report Behind the Scenes: The Dark Brothers' "Devil in Miss Jones" (pages 74-78). And look for a Timothy Leary essay on rape in a future issue. No shit!

PRISON RAPS:

Editors' note: Federal prisoners who subscribe to HUSTLER have been refused their April '86 copies. The excuses offered by federal corrections officials include the following:

"... a pictorial depicting homosexuality entitled, 'Finally, a lite beer for a man's man.'..."

-D. J. Southerland
Warden, F.C.I.
La Tuna, Texas

"... on page 5, article 'No-Yuks African Cartoons': It was felt that this article is the type that encourages activities which may lead to the use of physical violence within this institution..."

—J. S. Petrovsky Warden, F.C.I. Springfield, Missouri

"... on page 48 displays a pictorial entitled, 'The Gay Mafia.' On page 65 displays a drawing on child molestation entitled, 'Chester the Molester.' If these photos were made available to the general population, it could threaten the security, good order and discipline of the institution or facilitate criminal activities...."

–D. C. Kastner Warden, E.C.I. Texarkana, Texas

Well, the fascist pigs are at it again: They've taken April's issue and trashed it. Furthermore, all magazines have now been banned from being sold in our commissary. What's a guy to do?

Rumor has it that Norman A. Carlson was named Asshole of the Month! Any truth to this? If not, please consider this as a nomination for the position.

-C. R.

Otisville, New York

I am an inmate at the federal prison camp at Duluth, Minnesota. We, the inmates, have been refused your issue of HUSTLER with Norman A. Carlson as Asshole of the Month.

Warden William Perrill said the reason was that it contained "homosexual" material. Now we all know better than that. We have managed to get a copy of Asshole of the Month, and we've passed copies around the camp.

-A. D.

Federal Prison Camp Duluth, Minnesota

After reading your April '86 Asshole of the Month, we think that you are 100% right about Norman A. Carlson. I had never

heard of him until I read your articlenow I think he should be made Asshole of the Year. -R. E.

> Federal Prison Camp Duluth, Minnesota

Your editorial on Stormin' Norman A. Carlson created some of the biggest smiles on the inmates and the feeling that Mr. Scumbag's shit will not go unnoticed and that someone outside cares.

Larry Flynt was in custody of the Feds himself and knows the crap we have to put up with. I only wish that you people would do more to expose the real criminals in this system. This is not to put the whole weight on your shoulders; I know that is my job also, and the job of other magazines that try to print what's real and what's not.

-L. R.

Fort Lee, New Jersey

OPEN-MINDED MAN:

I'm really tired of people complaining about certain jokes, cartoons or articles that offend them or when they see a dick in the magazine. I'm sorry to tell you macho he-men, but it usually takes a dick (or at least something that looks like one) to fuck.

If you are afraid when this magazine pokes fun at our President, or God, you have a right not to buy this publication. I like getting pissed off as much as the next person, and I will from time to time watch such shows as *The Old Time Gospel Hour, PTL, The 700 Club* and other such disgusting programs. Why? I like to keep up on the shit these so-called holy men are trying to poke down the throats of the citizens. However, I do not send them fucking money!

I'm not against them having their own opinion or even their right to express it. Just don't act like someone is making you read or look at something you don't agree with, because it isn't true. —D. W.

Murfreesboro, Tennessee

VIDEO GUIDE RAVES:

My local newsstand was out of the latest HUSTLER; so I purchased the premiere issue of HUSTLER'S EROTIC VIDEO GUIDE. I could go on for pages about my enthusiasm concerning the guide, but instead I will simply say that I can't remember being so completely satisfied with a purchase.

—I. V.

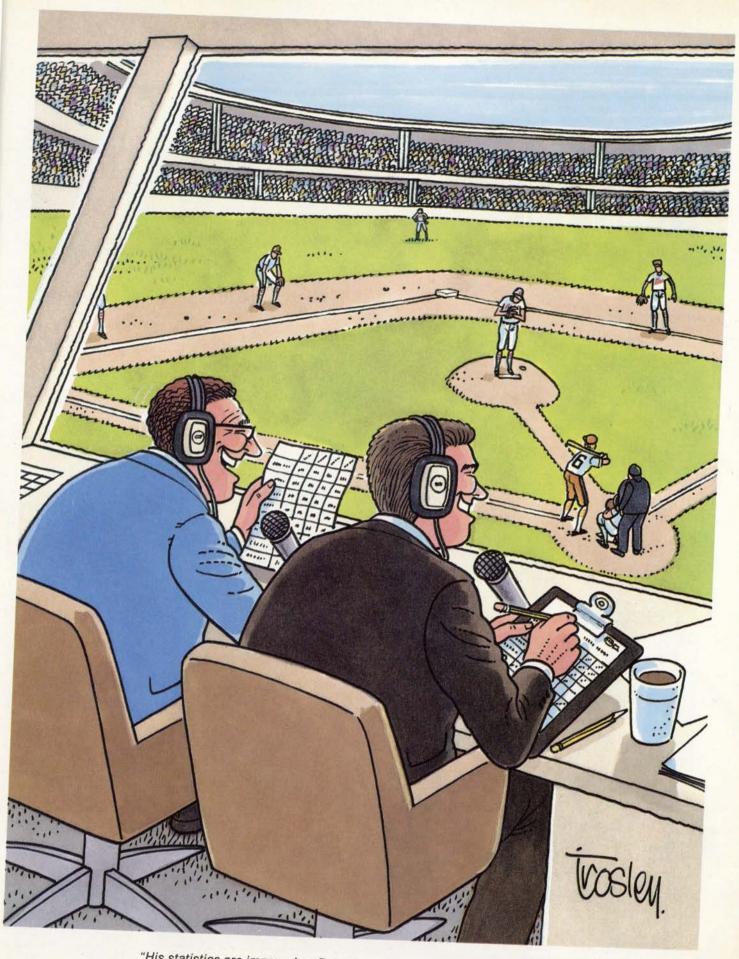
Plain City, Ohio

Do you have a comment, suggestion or complaint? We want to hear it. Send your letters

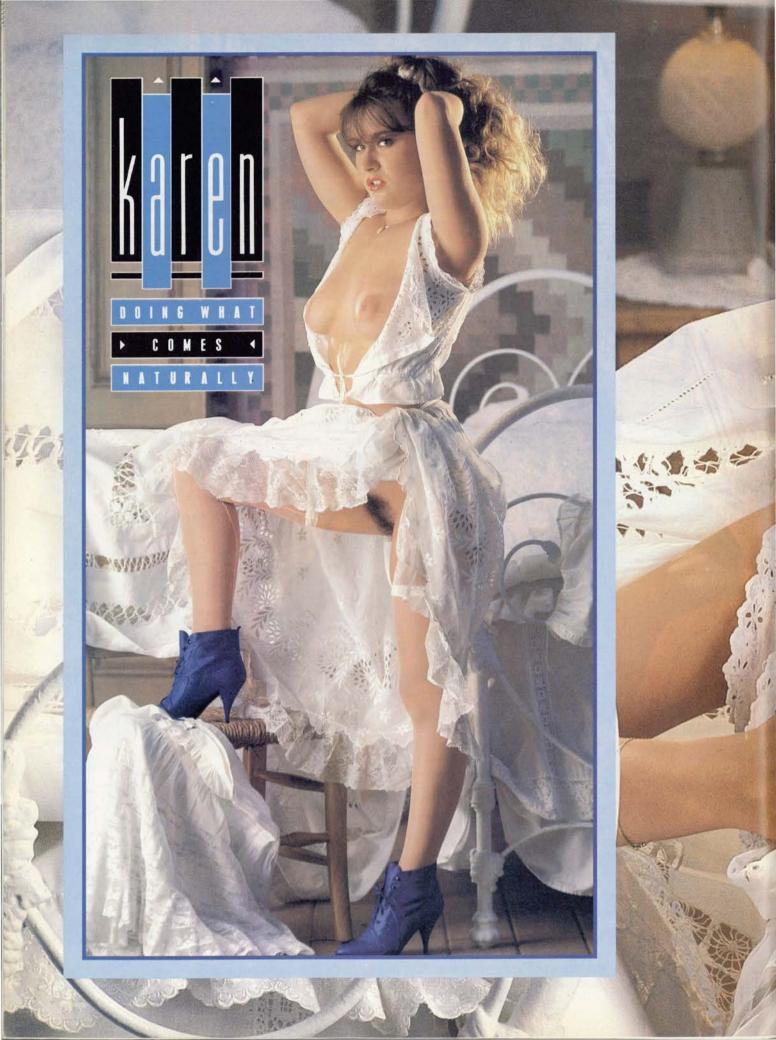
(typed or neatly printed) to <u>Feedback</u>, HUSTLER, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Include a phone number if you want your letter considered for publication.



"Er . . . you and the big guy mind if I whack off?"



"His statistics are impressive, Bob: three counts of cocaine possession and two counts of amphetamine possession in just his first season!"









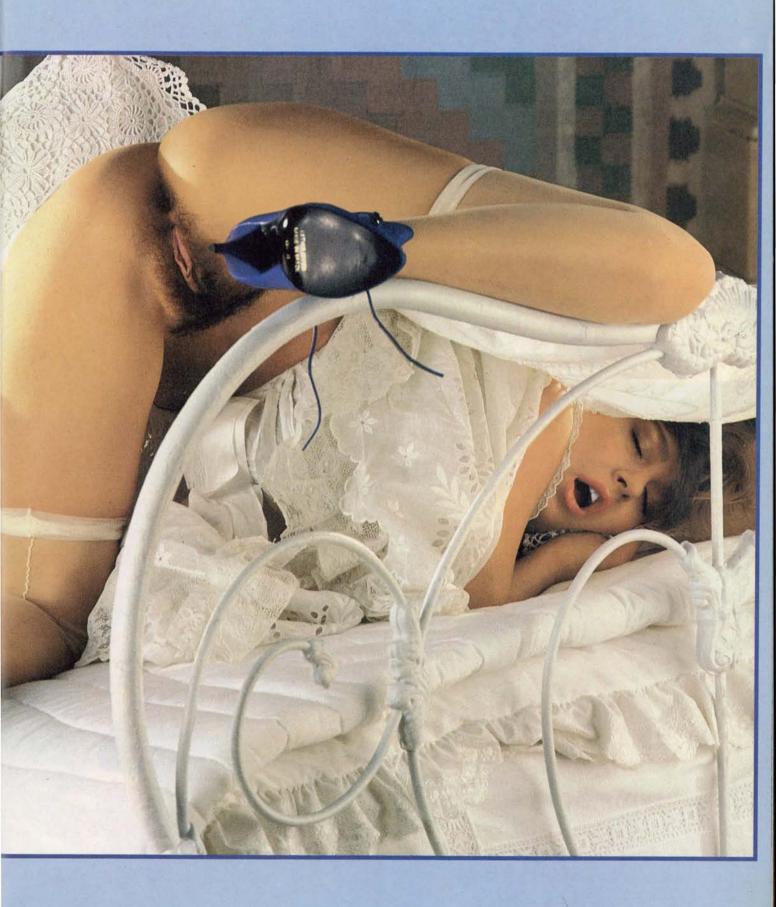
















"Her sphincters tightened around my tongue, grasping it with wild passion as I licked deeper up her ass."

The girls agreed. Unfortunately, they were gone before I could find out more about them. But I guess the 4th of July is all about having freedom.

-M. H.

Kingsville, Texas

ASS-LICKING LESBIAN

I'd never dreamed of making love to another woman. My entire sex life by the time I was 21 consisted of one embarrassing one-night stand with a real jerk. When this guy popped off, pulled out, and I still hadn't experienced an orgasm, I figured that sex was just another of life's big disappointments.

But by the time I was 23, things began to change. I was a science major, specializing in geology, and my best friend, Lisa, was a cute girl with an engaging smile and long, light-brown hair.

One afternoon Lisa approached me as class was about to end, suggesting we stop off for a couple of cold beers.

Two brews turned into half a dozen and, when closing time rolled around, I invited Lisa to my place. In ten minutes we were in my dorm room, Lisa on the couch while I sat cross-legged on the bed. We sipped more beers and soon were joking about our sexual experiences. Her full breasts jiggled cutely as she convulsed with laughter.

Watching her, I felt my anus tighten. This sensation confused me; so I conveniently chose to ignore it...until I found myself studying the soft curves of her cheeks, the pink glow of her skin and the shimmer of her long, pretty hair.

Suddenly, the steady sound of heavy rain splashed against my window. "Oh, no!" Lisa cried, staring aghast at the pelting downpour outside. "I'll be drenched by the time I get back home!"

"Why don't you spend the night here?"
I asked.

Lisa weighed the suggestion.

"Okay," she finally said. I could tell by her drooping eyelids and slurred speech that the beer was affecting her too.

We giggled together at our fumbling attempts to open up the hide-a-bed sofa. When at last we finally got the thing completely unfolded, Lisa fell onto the mattress, helpless with drunken laughter.

Weak-kneed myself, I collapsed beside her, our faces nearly touching.

"I have a nightie you could wear," I offered softly, never taking my eyes from hers, "but I like to sleep nude."

Lisa swallowed hard, not saying anything. We pulled ourselves out of the sofa-bed. After Lisa had stepped into the bathroom, I stripped naked and slipped under the covers of my nearby single bed. Just then Lisa emerged from the bathroom. I gasped. Lisa's black-lace bra and panties perfected her centerfold figure.

"Excuse me," I muttered, throwing back the covers to expose my nude body. "I forgot something." Rising slowly, I let Lisa take in my proud nudity, from my erect-nippled full breasts to my honeycolored bush. Then, just as I was almost past, I swayed drunkenly and fell onto the sofa-bed, right into Lisa's lap. Trying to break my fall, she had one hand cupping my right boob while her other hand was against my ass. Embarrassed, I mumbled an apology and tried to get up. As I twisted, Lisa's hand involuntarily slid from my hip to my pubic area. Forgetting myself, I moaned softly as her fingers brushed against my swollen pussy lips.

Pulling her hand away as if she'd touched fire, Lisa leaned back, seemingly mortified. But I could feel myself getting wet now. Sensing her reluctance, I gently took her hand in mine and rubbed it against my hot cunt, my breasts, my ass and back once more to my cunt.

I removed my hand from her own as Lisa's fingers pried instinctively between my soft pink petals of flesh and dug deeply into my hot vagina. Her other hand began kneading my breasts and pulling on my erect, throbbing nipples. Unable to deny myself any longer, I took her beautiful, sweet face in my hands and kissed her full on the mouth.

Still kissing her, I reached around behind and unfastened her bra, then pulled it loose from her succulent body. Looking at her round, young breasts in my hands, I wasted no time cramming one pink nipple into my eager mouth, tonguing it until it was a firm, hot bullet.

My body was immersed in pleasure. I pulled off Lisa's lace panties and, after kissing my way down her stomach, I spread her vaginal lips and thrust my tongue inside to taste her excited juices. Lisa bucked and tightened her thighs around my head as I licked the wetness of her deliciously clean cunt.

Hypnotized by the scintillating taste and smell of Lisa's hot pussy, I scarcely noticed when she turned herself around so that she could get at my own hot, naked snatch. After thoroughly exploring her pouting cunt with my wet tongue, I began moving down past her perineum.

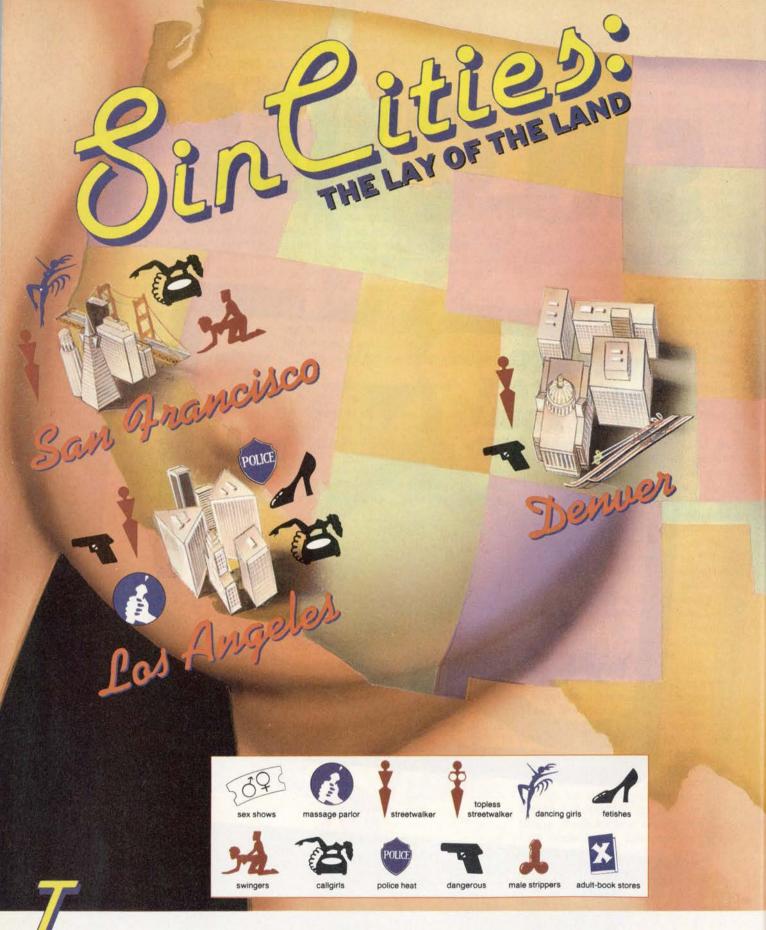
(continued on page 98)



SINGITES

GUIDE TO AMERICA'S BEST ADULT ENTERTAIN-MENT

by J. R. Nelson



his is a buyer's guide to sex entertainment. I've used FBI statistics, information supplied by the underground sex industry and my findings to choose these locations, which I believe to be the hottest, wildest

and sexiest red-light districts in America. As an excop, I've had enough close-up views of those types of places to get to know the ropes. There are, of course, hundreds of other spots in the United States that are



almost as hot as these. After all, from Kokomo to Charlotte, from Phoenix to Indianapolis, from the Twin Cities to Memphis, and from coast to coast there are whores on every corner, in every hotel lobby and at

every bus station, and each and every one of them is after just one thing: your money. When you visit a city and don't want to sleep alone, one of your best sources of information is a local taxi driver. For a

As a general rule, they stay off the sidewalk and attract customers by flashing their tits at passing cars.

ten-buck tip most cabbies can point you in the direction of anything you want and even take you there if you like.

What I've attempted to do here is list the best-known sex districts in America, where to find the ladies and what to expect and how to behave when you find them. So if you don't have a lot of time to search for a warm body with which to share a deeply moving physical experience, and you anticipate visiting one of these cities soon, take notes. I can't guarantee that everything will be the same by the time you get there. After all, the sex industry is changing constantly. But the areas described have all been there a long time and will most likely be there when we're all too old to get it up anymore; so get your money ready, put on your best manners and enjoy.

ATLANTA

Atlanta is one of the fastest-growing cities in America. There are convention centers, embassies, high-rise hotels and tourist attractions. At any given time there are two or three major conventions

going on. There are also hookers of every race, sex, description and price—if you know where to look for them.

In recent years there have been some ruthless attacks on the sex industry in "Hotlanta." There are no adult-book stores within the city limits, any remaining massage parlors have gone underground, and there are very few men's magazines available. (It was in nearby Lawrenceville, Georgia, that HUSTLER Publisher Larry Flynt was shot during an obscenity trial in 1978.) But a five-minute ride south from downtown Atlanta on I-85 will convince you that you've suddenly been beamed right out of the Bible Belt to Chicago, L.A. or some other decadent city.

Atlanta actually has two major redlight districts. The high-visibility one is in the southeast part of town and runs along Stewart Avenue from the Fairgrounds exit of I-85 south to the Stewart Avenue exit of I-85. Primarily a black-run strip, the area has the highest incidence of violent crimes in the city. Many of the hookers are also involved in other illegal activities, and some are drug addicts and would just as soon cut your throat as give you a blowjob; so you've got to be cautious while attempting to get a "date" here.

The most notorious club in the area is the **Purple Onion** (1785 Stewart Ave. SW). Other clubs in the vicinity are **Locomotion** (849 Cleveland Ave. SW) and the **Crystal Palace** (502 Connell Ave. SW). A lot of working girls hang around almost everywhere you look along this section of Stewart Avenue.

Although a black neighborhood, the hookers are of all races. But if she's too good-looking, beware! She's probably an undercover cop. This area is very enthusiastically policed by the vice squad, which uses decoys on a regular basis. The official reason is to fight violent crime and cut down on the number of johns who are robbed or murdered. But you might not believe that when you're being hauled to jail by a sexy cop with her ass barely covered by a leather miniskirt and her tits falling out of a micromini halter top.

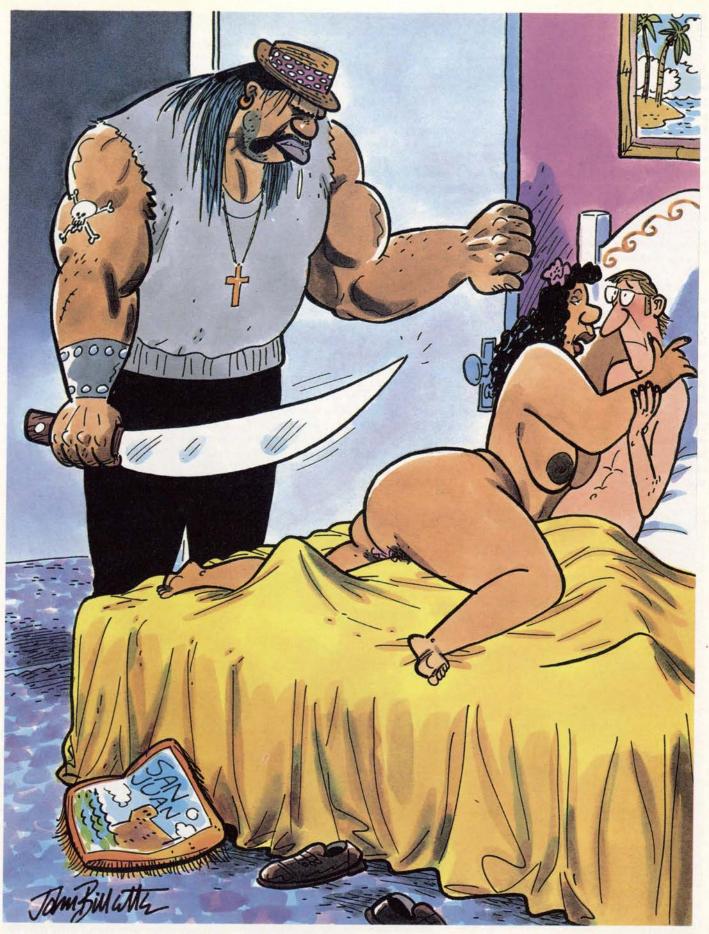
But don't despair. If you're like me, and danger isn't your thing, Atlanta has another area where the girls are prettier and the streets safer, but of course the prices are higher. This area stretches along Piedmont Road from International Boulevard north past Piedmont Park to Ansley Mall and on a parallel route along Peachtree Street. The girls here keep a somewhat lower profile and are spaced out a little more, as this is the "nicer" part of town, and the locals tend to complain if there is too much traffic in front of their homes or businesses, but the ladies aren't hard to spot. (A few even work the lunch-hour crowd.)

Most of them can be found between 10th and 14th streets on Piedmont. As a general rule, they stay off the sidewalk and attract customers by flashing their tits at passing cars. You have to act fast on these, because if they think you might be a cop, they'll simply disappear before you can turn around and approach them.

The evening traffic starts at around five. Check in front of the fast-food joints and restaurants. Since these girls usually dress the part, they're very easy to spot. Prices range from \$15 up for sex on the Stewart Avenue side of town to \$30 to \$100 for half an hour or \$250 for all night along Piedmont and Peachtree. Many of the girls, especially along Peachtree, are well worth it!

The **Tattletale Club** (2075 Piedmont Rd. NE) and **The Centerfold** (26 Pine St. NE) are two of the classier clubs, and the girls who dance there are approachable if you are a gentleman and play your cards right. On a recent visit to The Centerfold





"It's my husband Ramone. Ignore him. . . . "

Prostitution, according to the <u>New York Times</u>, is a \$75-million-a-year business in the Windy City.

an attractive college-age girl with a tight body, good tan and high, firm tits got a \$100 tip in her garter and left a few minutes later with her white-haired benefactor. At the clubs these girls work for tips only and, if things are slow, they'll sometimes leave with a customer.

There is just one rule: Don't touch the girls while they're dancing! Do that, and you might find yourself out cold in the parking lot. Some of the bouncers are the biggest, meanest Southern boys you ever met.

To get the girl, you've got to go through a rather formal ritual, which holds true at similar clubs throughout the U.S. First, while she is dancing, give her a large tip—at least \$20—and make sure she sees who gave it to her. Tease her with it a while before you put it in her garter. When she's done dancing, she'll most likely come around to thank you. That is when you ask her to join you for a drink and make your arrangement. I guarantee you it won't be cheap but, after all, the best-looking girls in Atlanta work these clubs, and you've already had a chance to thoroughly check out the merchandise.

BOSTON

Boston's red-light district is known as the "Combat Zone," a designated area established through the passage of zoning laws regulating pornography and other forms of adult entertainment. (A number of municipalities have similar regulated areas.) It stretches through the very center of town along Washington Avenue and a block or two on the side streets. In this area anything goes. Any kind of prostitute who turns you on will be readily available for a price. It can truly be said that the Combat Zone has something for everybody.

Sex will cost you between \$30 and \$50 in the hooker's room, or all night for \$200 and up. On a slow night a blowjob in your car can be had for \$10 to \$15. Be advised, though, that if the chick decides to slash your throat and separate you from your car and/or wallet, you won't get much sympathy from the local citizens or police. They figure you knew how dangerous the area was when you entered it; so, accordingly, you deserve whatever you get.

The zone's numerous clubs have every

type of dancing and live-sex shows. Probably the most famous is **The Naked i** (666 Washington St.), which advertises a "Totally Nude College Girl Striptease" and is one of the classier clubs in the area. (While the manager claims that some of the strippers really go to college, my eyeballs told me that some of them have been out of college a very long time.)

The clubs, movie houses and adultbook stores in the Combat Zone are rarely hassled by the authorities, but anyone trying to go into the adult-entertainment business outside the specified area is subject to a \$30,000 fine and a five-year prison sentence. Therefore, most of the recommendable adult fun spots have relocated to the surrounding bedroom communities that border Beantown, but are outside the city limits. If the chicks in the Combat Zone are too hard-looking for your taste, you might try Alex's in Stoughton (584 Washington St.), "The Place Boston Goes for Adult Entertainment." The Blue Moon Lounge in Tyngsborough (130 Frost Rd.) and the Blue Max Casino in Worcester (405 Grove St.) also draw quite a crowd. The women are good-looking and, according to a regular patron of these clubs, very approachable. Sex with prostitutes can cost anywhere from \$100 to \$250 but, as in Atlanta, it's a younger, classier bunch that hangs around these suburban clubs.

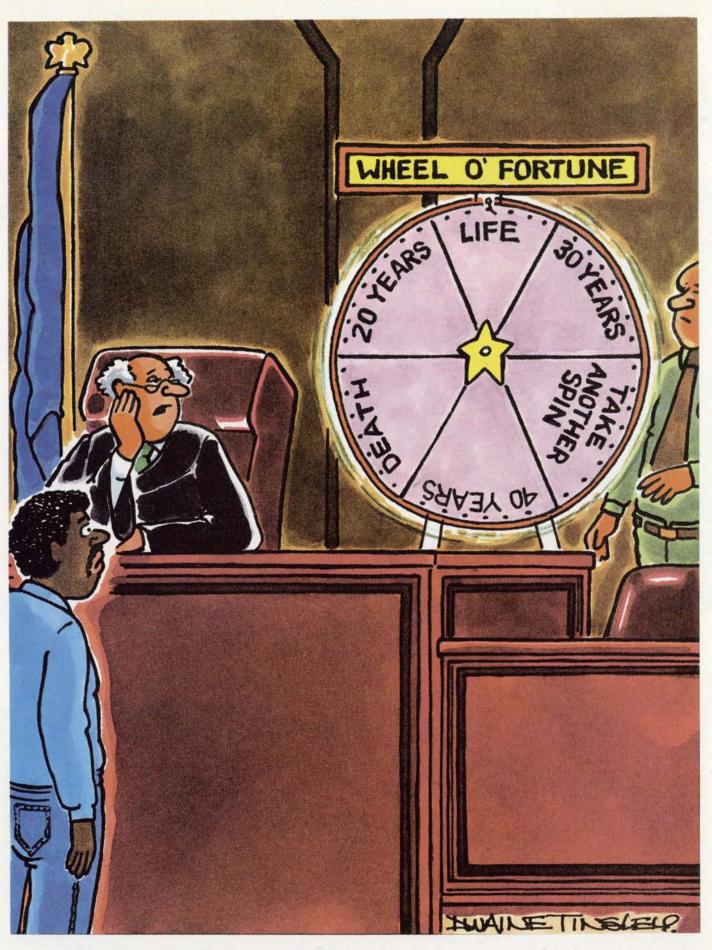
CHICAGO

Chicago is one of the safest U.S. cities to get laid in. According to police sources, there are few pimps, and most of the hookers don't use drugs. Apparently, the girls sell pussy because most come from poverty-stricken backgrounds, and this is the only way they know how to make a living. Since Chicago bills itself as the "No. 1 Convention City in America," whores flock here to make new lives for themselves. Prostitution, says the New York Times, is a \$75-million-a-year business in the Windy City.

Being so spread-out, Chicago has several red-light districts. The Near North Side, bounded on the north and south by Chicago Avenue and North Avenue and on the west by State Street, abounds with strip joints (where you can get a quickie in a back room for \$20), adult movie houses and bookstores, and singles bars. This is the least-expensive pussy in Chicago, except for the singles bars, such as B.B.C. (State and Division streets), which is patronized mostly by working people and is famous for fast pickups. It is not unusual to be in and out (with a girl on your arm) in less than an hour, and most of the women are upper-middle-class business ladies who spend their days behind a desk in an office and come here to

(continued on page 56)





"The court has found you guilty and sentences you to. . . . "

JUST WANNA HAVE

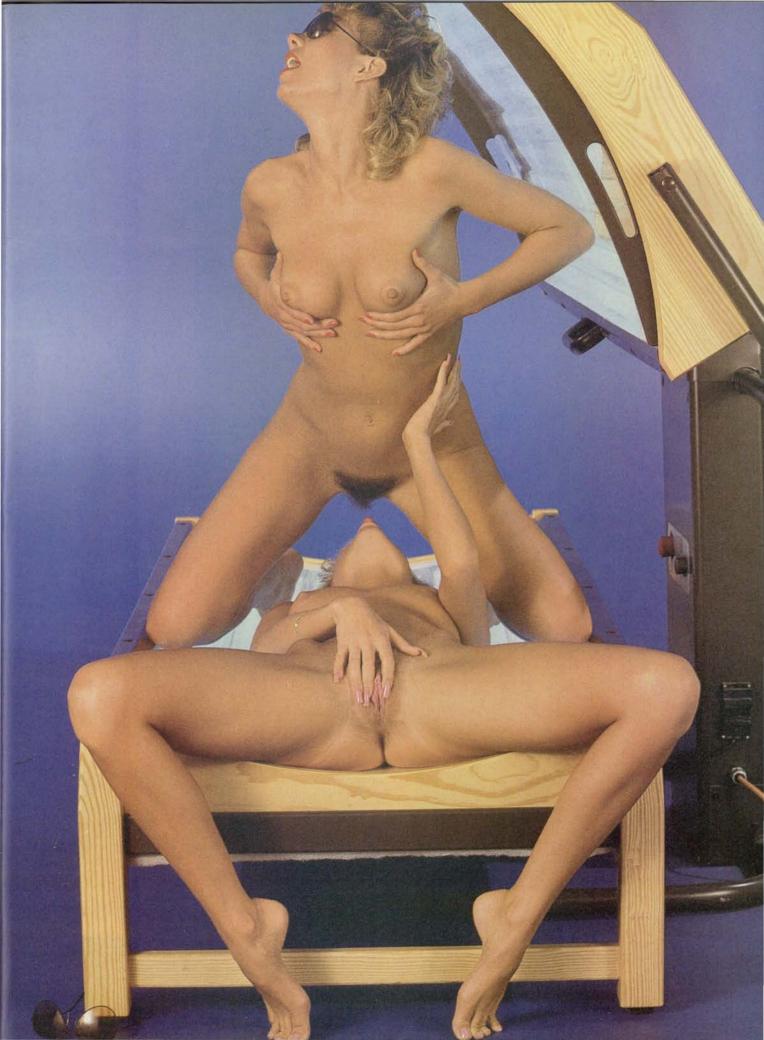


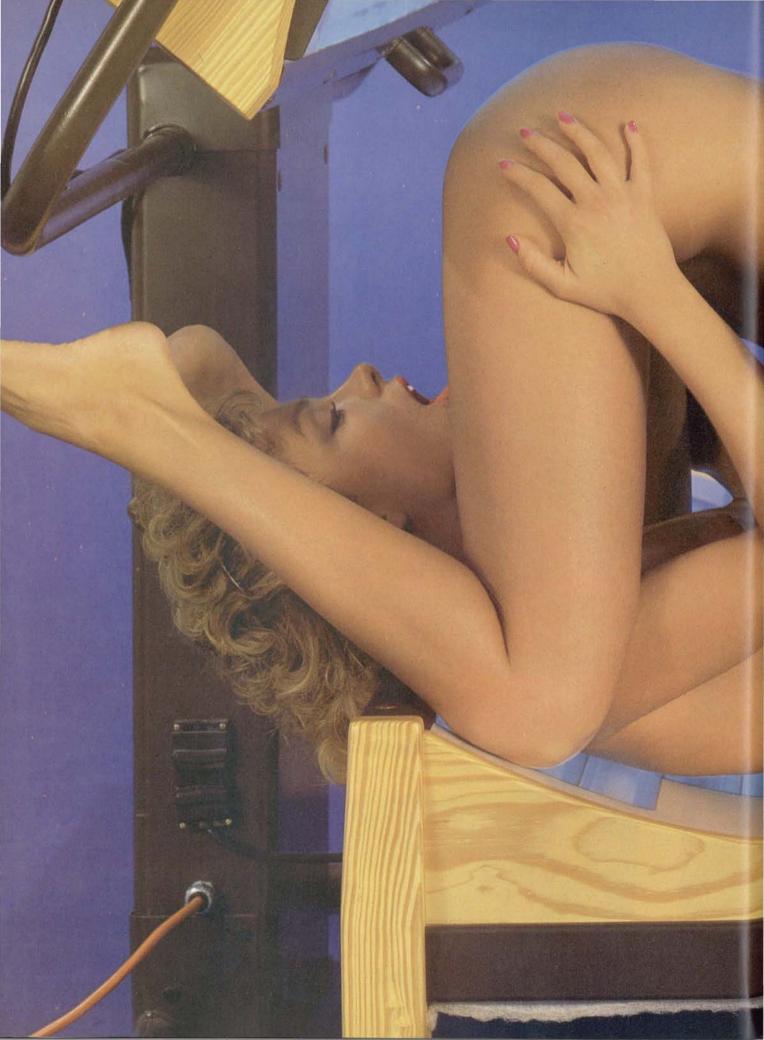


THINGS HEAT UP QUICKLY AT THE TANNING SALON WHEN HORNY JESSIE STUMBLES UPON MEG FONDLING HERSELF UNDER THE ULTRAVIOLET LAMPS. A SUN BED CASTS A NEW LIGHT ON CARNAL CAROUSING AS THE BROWNING BIMBOS WARM UP TO THE ELECTRICITY OF LUST FLOWING THROUGH THEIR BODIES. THEIR TALENTED TONGUES TEASE AND TORMENT WHERE THE SUN NEVER SHINES AS JES-SIE AND MEG FIND EACH OTHER'S HOT SPOTS AGAIN AND AGAIN. BOTH GIRLS LOSE TRACK OF TIME, BUT THEY NOTICE THAT THEY'RE GETTING PINK. NO PROBLEM-THERE'S A BOTTLE OF MOISTURIZER AND A MASSAGE TABLE IN THE LOCKER ROOM.

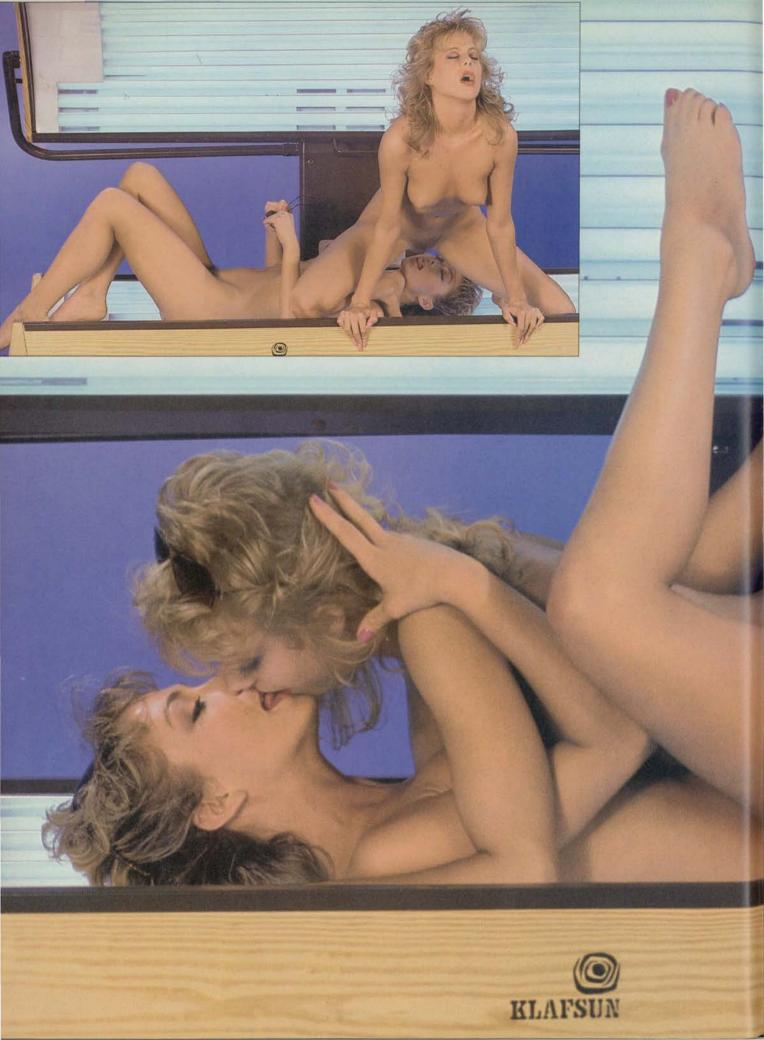


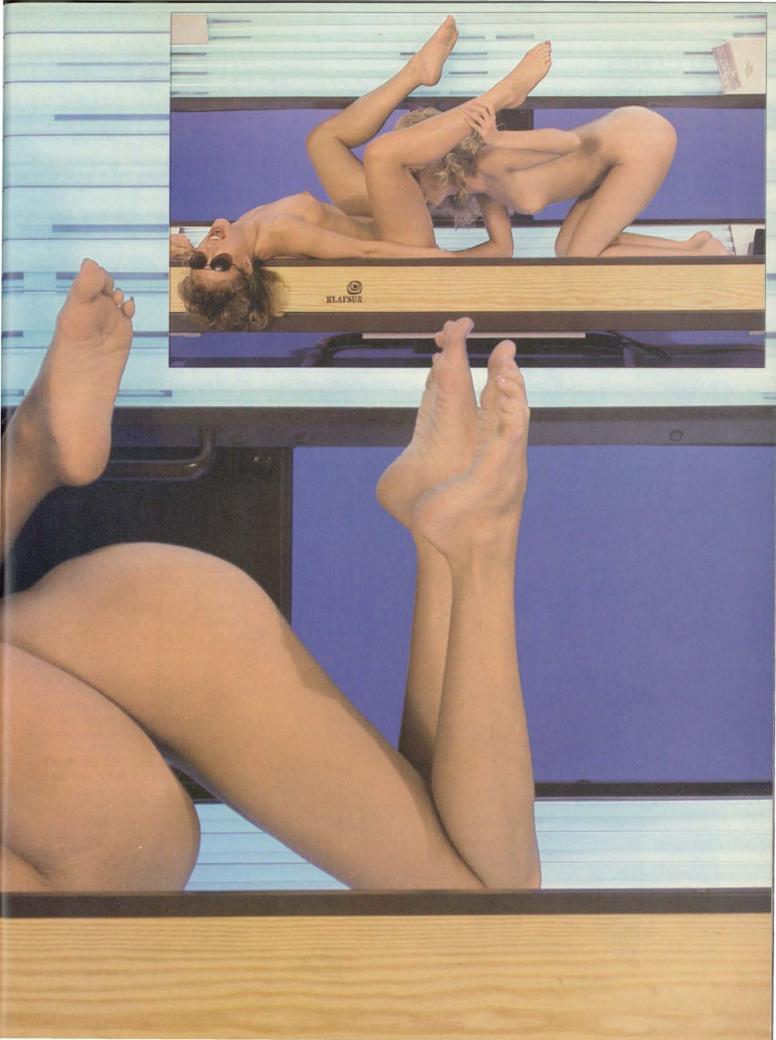












A black street prostitute in the Near North Side will probably give you anything you want for \$25.

find company to unwind with in the evening. You might not even have to buy her drinks. She might even be married; so be there early so she can get your rocks off and still get home at a decent hour.

Chicago's other red-light districts include Rogers Park, which is almost as good as the Near North Side; Hyde Park, home of interracial sex; the Gold Coast, where a hooker will cost you at least \$75 (they cater mostly to bankers); Lake Michigan, lots of free sex in the summer and hookers all year round; Broadway, from Belmont north to Wilson, where it's been said that the hookers are the friendliest in the world; and in the suburbs around bustling O'Hare Airport, catering to conventioneers and where the pussy will probably cost you more than anywhere else in America.

Speaking of financial matters, a black street prostitute in the Near North Side will probably give you anything you want for \$25, even supplying the room. The white hookers are higher; \$25 will get you a decent blowjob, but getting screwed will cost you from \$40 to \$75 in

her room. Callgirls and escort services charge around \$100 for sex, \$500 for an all-nighter and \$1,000 for a weekend; so stay away from them unless you're filthy rich or on an expense account.

For visual delights check out the Club Algiers (8039 Ogden Ave.), the French 75 Show Lounge (3818 Harlem Ave.) and the Gold Monkey Lounge (1825 W. 59th St.).

DALLAS

In Dallas just tell your taxi driver, "Take me to the West Northwest Highway." From the 2800 block through the 3200 block you will find everything you want in the area of adult entertainment. The first stop you should make is Caligula XXI, "For Gentlemen of Discriminating Taste." This large sex complex advertises that its women are "the best in the state." And there definitely are enough women to go around at Caligula's.

Other clubs on the strip are **Teddy Bares** (2907 West NW Highway), the **Crystal Pistol** (3211 West NW Highway) and **Baby Doll's Saloon** (3039 West NW

Highway). These places are hard to match when it comes to availability of hard-core entertainment.

The **Silver Dollar** (3221 West NW Highway) is also an excellent place to pick up women, but you do it outside-you can't go in this male striptease bar. The ladies, however, many of them attractive as well as financially well off, come out after the show so horny that they're ready to grab anything that's breathing and has a cock, and the breathing part is optional.

There is definitely no shortage of hookers on West Northwest Highway. Sex will cost you from \$30 up, and many of the working girls look like the famous cheerleaders from this city and have those sexy Texas accents to boot. An allnighter can be had for \$100 if she likes you and business is slow.

The Mexican chicks who work around the downtown area and the bus stations can be had for even less. One businessman I know gets it regularly for as little as \$10, but consequently has had to fight a penicillin-resistant strain of VD. And not only that, but on more than one occasion he's found that the cute little Latina had a big ugly bull of a boyfriend who had no intention of letting him split with his wallet and credit cards. These characters would rather slit your throat than look at you; so weigh your odds before you decide to sample the goods from south of the border. And if you do decide to go for some of this exotic poontang, for God's sake wear a rubber.

DENVER

The Mile High City has some of the bestlooking girls in the business, many of whom are students by day at one of the local colleges or universities. The price for cooze, though, can also be a mile high.

One of the hottest areas in town is the Federal Boulevard strip. In the winter the girls tend to stay inside; during the warmer months they are outside on the streetin force. Check out clubs like **Bonkers** (5115 Federal Blvd.), **Bare and Boogie** (5600 Federal), **Diamond Lil's** (6241 Federal) and **Cheerleaders** (6710 Federal).

If the menu on Federal Boulevard doesn't have any entrees to suit your taste, take a drive over to **Saturday's** or any of the other clubs around the 8000 to 8500 blocks of East Colfax Avenue. The girls in this area serve our boys in uniform from nearby Lowry Air Force Base; so the pickings can be rather slim around payday at the base. Get there early on Saturdays or you just might get left out.

For visual inspiration of the sexual nature visit **PT's** (1601 West Evans Ave.),





"Our sex life was becoming repetitious and boring-then Cindy and I discovered enemas!"

Don't expect any bargain pussy in Denver. These girls don't negotiate. You pay their price, or they walk away.

Shotgun Willies (490 S. Colorado Blvd.) and Boogie Down (1661 W. 64th Ave.).

Many of Denver's streetwalkers are hooked on cocaine, both the snorting kind and freebase, which can work to your advantage if you happen to be an amateur pharmacist. Quite often a hooker will spend the night with you on the house if you let her freebase a little coke. It can backfire, though, and get you killed if you have a pocketful of money or a big stash. After all, she's got to think about where tomorrow's fix is going to come from. So in this city, in particular, care must be taken if you don't feel like trying to explain the stab wounds to your wife . . . or mortician.

Prices on the street range from \$25 up for head in your car and \$50 up for sex in the whore's room. If she comes to you through an outcall service, expect to pay from \$200 up. Don't expect any bargain pussy in Denver. These girls don't negotiate. You pay their price, or they walk away.

If the street girls are beyond your financial reach, there is the **Chrysler**, an excellent singles bar at 2955 East First Avenue. Try your luck there. The best time to pick up chicks is after 10 p.m. They may not be pros, but they are a hell of a lot cheaper than the hookers and for the most part surprisingly good-looking.

DETROIT

Detroit's Eight Mile Strip is the place to go for any form of decadence in the Motor City. There you will find all manner of entertainment that is designed to help you get your rocks off.

On a warm spring night there is a smorgasbord of delight under the street lamps that is unequaled anywhere in the Midwest. Recently I had a conversation with one of the dancers from the Booby Trap (141 W. Eight Mile Rd.). She's 20 years old and at least an 11 on a scale of 1 to 10. I asked her if it's possible for a customer to meet her after work and make a deal. "Sure," she said, "for \$200 . . . but I stay all night, and believe me I'm well worth it." I believe her.

The girls on the street charge a bit less. Twenty-five dollars will get you a blowjob, and \$30 and up will get you properly laid. The average price for sex in the girl's room, though, is about \$50. In your room it's \$100 and up.

Mary and Sarah are two street prostitutes I met and interviewed as they solicited for customers in front of a bar on East Michigan Avenue. Mary, the more outspoken of the two, said, "We used to work at the GM plant, but got laid off a while back. We make a lot more money now. Because some of the johns are violent, we work together most of the time. When someone in the straight world asks us what we do, I tell them we're a sandwich. It's lots of fun watching the shocked look on their faces as it begins to dawn on them what I mean." Mary went on to tell me that this "sandwich" would cost me \$100 for an hour or \$250 for all night.

When I asked Sarah how many johns they usually service on a good night, she answered, "Anywhere between three and five, but we have done as many as 13 and as few as one. We've never had to go home without being fucked at least one time each though."

While in town check out Henry VIII's (8715 Middlebelt St.), which claims to be the oldest topless/bottomless joint in town. There's also Galligan's (519 E. Jefferson Ave.), an exceptional singles bar where some of Detroit's sexiest and bestlooking women unwind after work. If you play your cards right, one of these horny ladies might take you home to try out her new waterbed.

FORT LAUDERDALE/MIAMI

I asked a Florida vice detective for a rundown on the hottest, dirtiest, sexiest redlight district in the state, and he replied, "Fort Lauderdale...all of it." As far back as anyone can remember, the city has been known for two things: hot beaches and hot bitches.

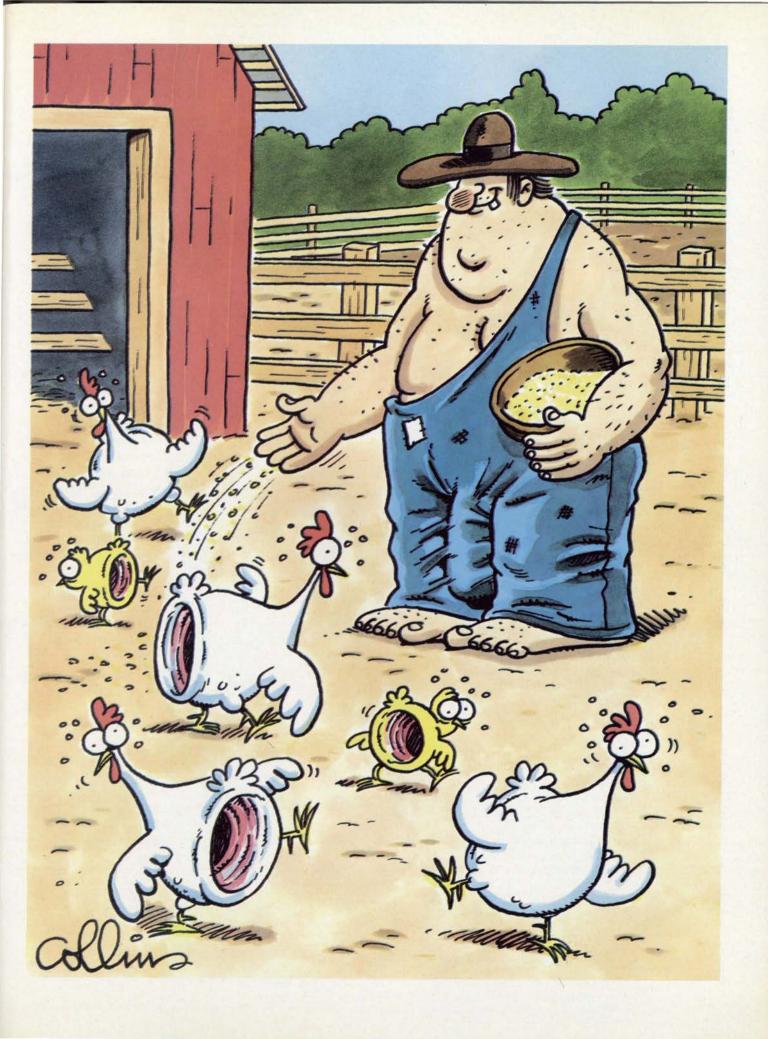
On most any day of the year a trip along Highway A1A will reveal the total spectrum of the female body. Spilling out over string bikinis you'll see big tits and little tits, firm tits and saggy tits and, once in a while, bare tits. And from the oldest grandmother to the youngest prepubescent teenager with budding breasts and the hint of pubic hair they all have one thing in common: The sun and surf make them horny.

There are hookers, but their services should hardly be required, because half the women on the beach will fuck for free. But if you aren't going to be in the area long enough to form a relationship, a short drive from downtown Miami will take you to the hottest red-light district in the South. The cooze is practically wall-to-wall along Broward Boulevard from I-95 west to Highway 441. Street prostitution is open and hardly hassled by law

(continued on page 80)

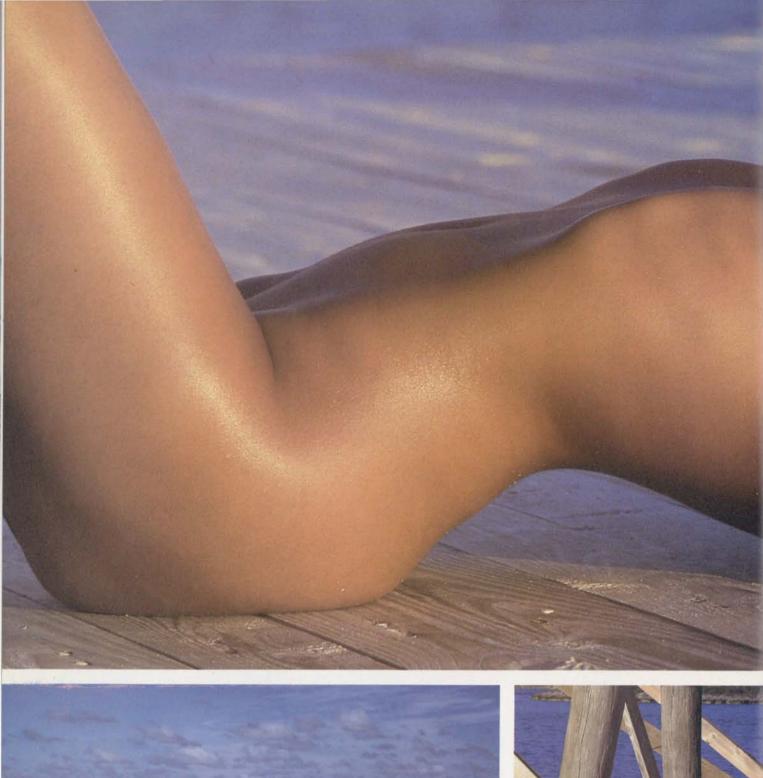


"I'm having trouble with names tonight. Can I just call you Asshole No. 3?"



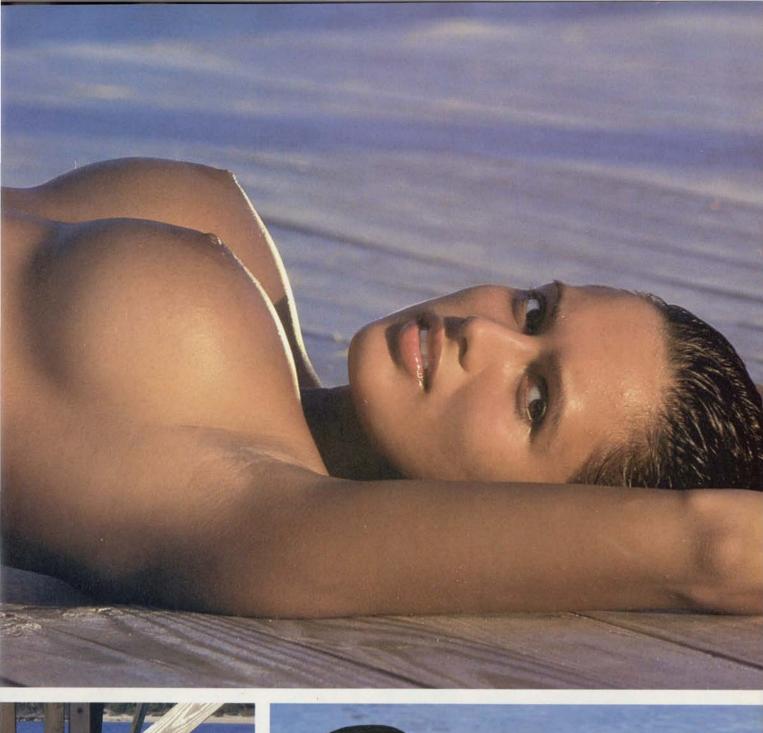






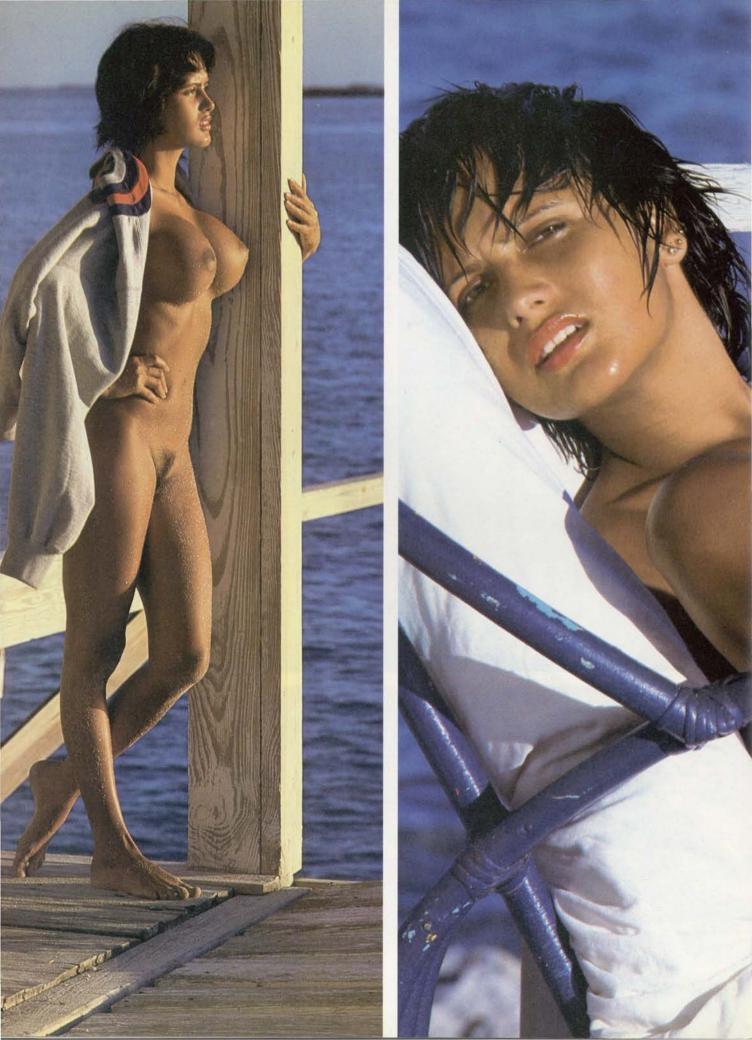












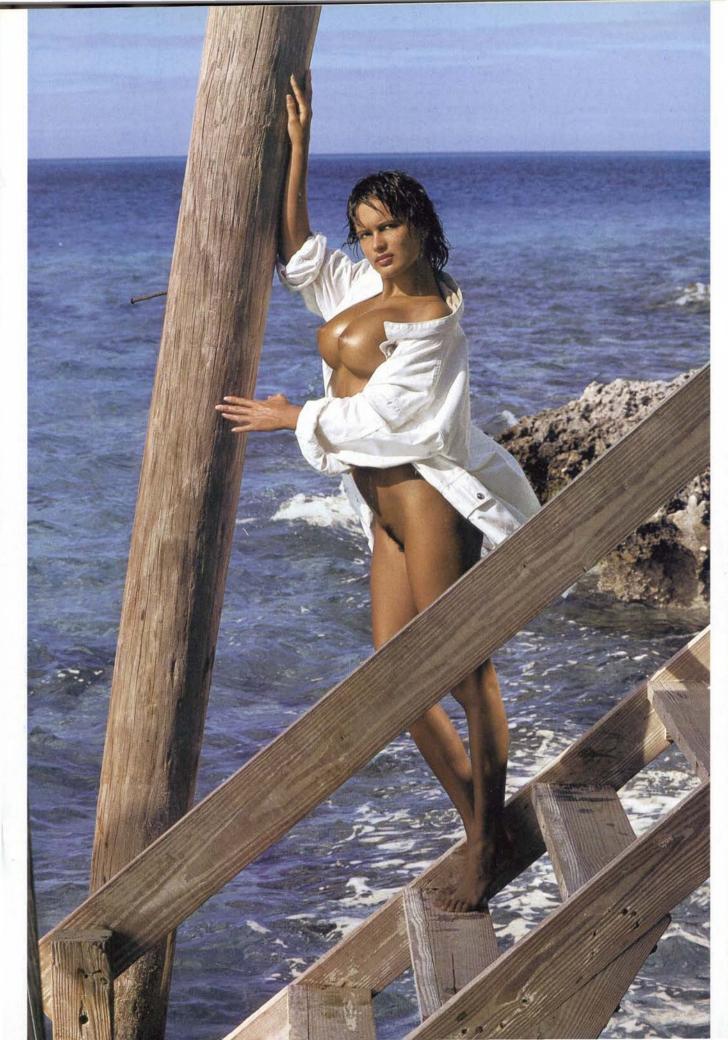














BACHELOR & BACHELORETTE PARTIES | FULL BAR | PRIVATE COUCH DANCES

THEME ROOMS | CHAMPAGNE LOUNGES | VIP LOUNGE

NEW YORK, NY SAN FRANCISCO, CA NEW O

NEW ORLEANS, LA BA

BALTIMORE M

DETROIT, MI (NEW)

SAN DIEGO CA

ST. LOUIS, MO

SHREVEPORT, LA

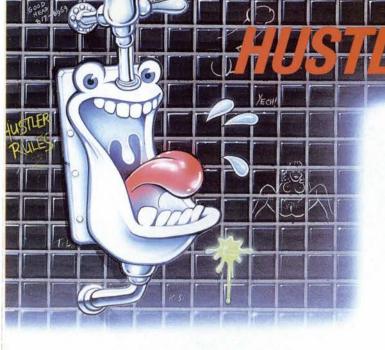
REDLANDS, CA

Taraban I a man at a some some i taraban i a

CROYDON, UK

(COMING SOON) LAS VEGAS, NV

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A youngster on a sidewalk was playing with a pile of dogshit. As he was shaping it, a rabbi approached him and asked, "What are you doing?"

"I'm making a Catholic," the kid replied.

A large, mischievous smile crossed the rabbi's face. Suddenly, he was struck with a notion. He rushed away and returned several minutes later with a Catholic priest who happened to be a personal friend. Smirking, the rabbi addressed the boy again. "Tell the father here what you're doing."

"I'm making a Catholic," the boy answered.

"Why in heaven's name would you say such a horrible thing?" the priest asked the boy.

"Because I don't have enough shit to make a Jew."

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *rape* as: piece without negotiations.

Dan was a not particularly well-endowed young man who was in love with a girl he wanted to fuck. But he was so ashamed of his small penis that he was afraid to bring up the question or even to let her see him naked. One night, though, he drove her around in his Porsche and parked in a dark lane. As they kissed, he opened his fly and put his meager weapon in her hand.

"Thanks, Dan," his date murmured, "but you know I don't smoke."

Question: How come the Polish wet-T-shirt contest was called off?

Answer: The judges ran out of spit.

A golfer went to a Gypsy fortune-teller and asked if there were any golf courses in heaven. The Gypsy unveiled a crystal ball, put her hands on it and meditated for a few minutes. "Well?" the man finally asked.

"I'm getting a strong message," the Gypsy woman said. "I've got some good news and some bad news."

"What's the good news?" the golfer inquired.
"There's a championship-quality golf course in heaven," he was told.

"Great!" the golfer exclaimed. "But what could possibly be the bad news?"

The fortune-teller responded, "You tee off tomorrow morning at 7:30."

Alfred, sitting alone in a bar one night, noticed an attractive young lady at a nearby table and invited her to have a drink with him.

"Okay," she said, "but it won't do you any good."

After they finished, Alfred ordered another round. Then after a while they danced. While on the dance floor Alfred asked the young lady, whose name was Nancy, "How about going to my place to listen to some romantic music and have a few more drinks?"

"Okay," Nancy replied, "but it won't do you any

good."

At Alfred's apartment the two of them drank some wine and listened to music. Soon Alfred got up the nerve to ask his visitor, "Mind if I kiss you?"

Once again Nancy answered, "Okay, but it won't do

you any good."

Alfred grabbed her and said, "Listen, you don't understand my intentions. You're very appealing, and I'd like you for my wife."

"Oh, that's different!" Nancy exclaimed. "Send her

right up!"

Question: What do you call a 75-year-old hooker? Answer: Rent-a-wreck.

The HUSTLER Dictionary defines *hearing aids* as: a disease you get from talking to too many assholes.

hree surveyors working way up in the hills stopped at a small run-down diner for lunch. Two ordered hamburgers and the other a hot dog. A couple of minutes after the waitress shouted the order back to the kitchen, a fat, ugly woman wearing a sleeveless dress came out of the kitchen and lumbered over to a freezer in the corner of the dining room. She took out two frozen hamburger patties and immediately slapped one under each hairy armpit.

"What's she doing?!" one of the surveyors gasped.

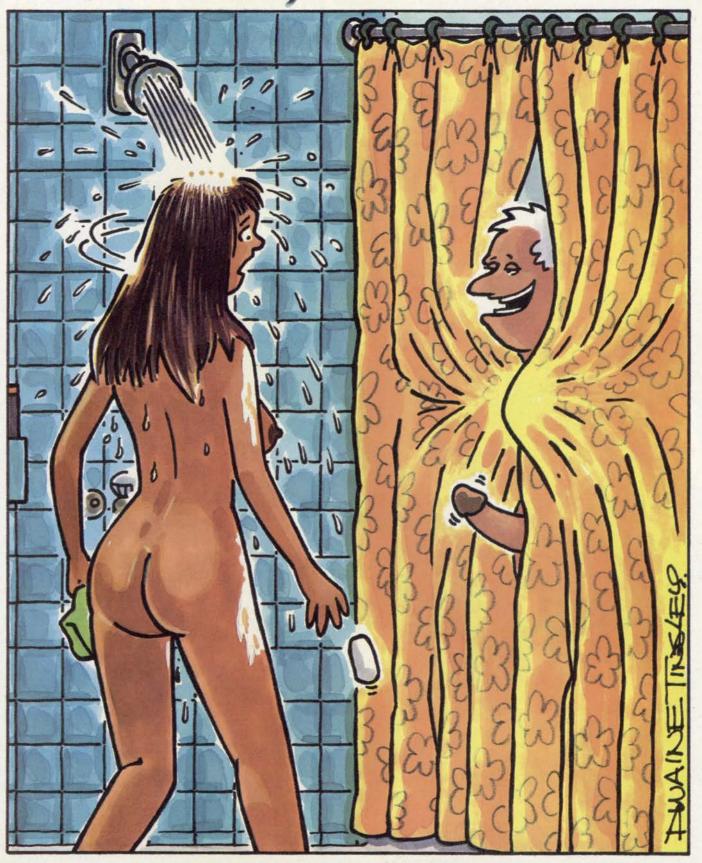
"Out here we don't have much business; so we have to keep all our food frozen," the waitress explained. "She sticks 'em under her arm to warm them before she throws 'em on the grill."

"Uh," said the surveyor who had ordered the frankfurter, "cancel that hot dog."

A man needed a heart transplant, and he asked his doctor to make sure he didn't get a black person's heart. Three weeks later he collapsed and was rushed into surgery. When he awoke, the doctor told him that he had bad news and good news. The bad news was that he had gotten a nigger's heart. The good news was that his penis had grown three inches, and his first welfare check was in the mail.

HUSTLER Humor jokes are sent to us by our readers. If you've heard a gut-buster lately, why not send it our way? Submit your jokes on 3" × 5" cards, mailed in a sealed envelope, to: HUSTLER Humor, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. If your joke is selected, we'll send you a check for \$50. Sorry—we cannot return submissions.

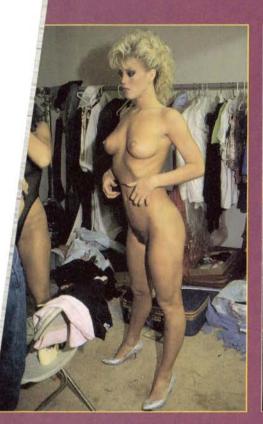
Chesterthe Molester

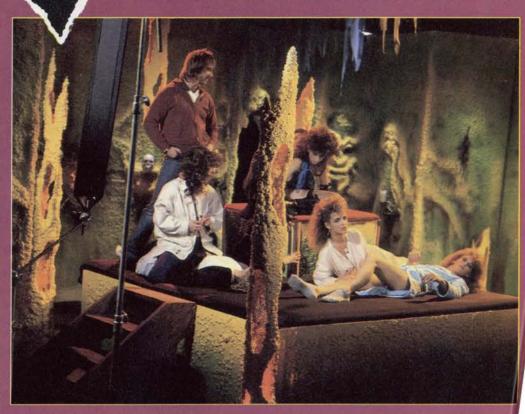


"Hi-i-i. Name's Chester. Mind if me and my friend join you?"

THE SCENES

The Dark Brothe

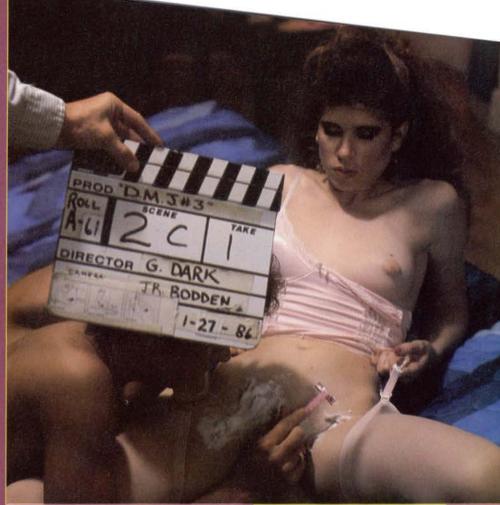


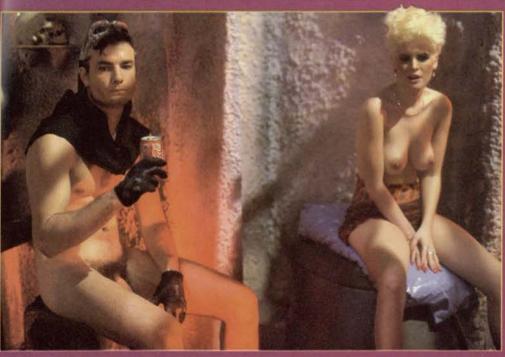




JONES"







Top row from left: Amber Lynn strips for action; sluts and studs rehearse their moves for the 'Perverse Room' sequence; Lois Ayres gets fucked in the 'Slut Room' by Troy Tannier; Take 1 of the shaving scene—Tom Byron supplies the razor, Jennifer Noxt supplies the pussy. Bottom row from left: Southern belle Patti Petite is doomed to eternal ravishing by Zulu warriors Robbie Dee and Field Marshal Bradley in the 'Racist Room'; Tannier and Ayres break after a hard fuck.

hen practically the first things you see in the morning, your eyes still blurry with sleep, are a black dildo undulating in a girl's asshole, seven crazed sex fiends pumping pints of jizz all over Vanessa Del Rio, two heavy-hung black studs ravishing a comely blonde, a couple of screaming bimbos connected at the pussy by a double-dong while Steve Powers simultaneously butt-fucks the top girl, and a bloody, talking pig's head looming through the fog, you know you're in one of two places: hell ... or the set of the Dark Brothers' Devil in Miss Jones. Although a strong cup of coffee doesn't make these apparitions disappear, it does bring certain telltale details into focus-like crew, cameras and the everpresent risk of losing your footing on the semen-slick floor. Hell could never be as sleazy as this. It must be the Dark Brothers.

Notorious for having the mostuninhibited sets in porn, this Dark shoot easily lived up to expectations. Insatiable Amber Lynn in-







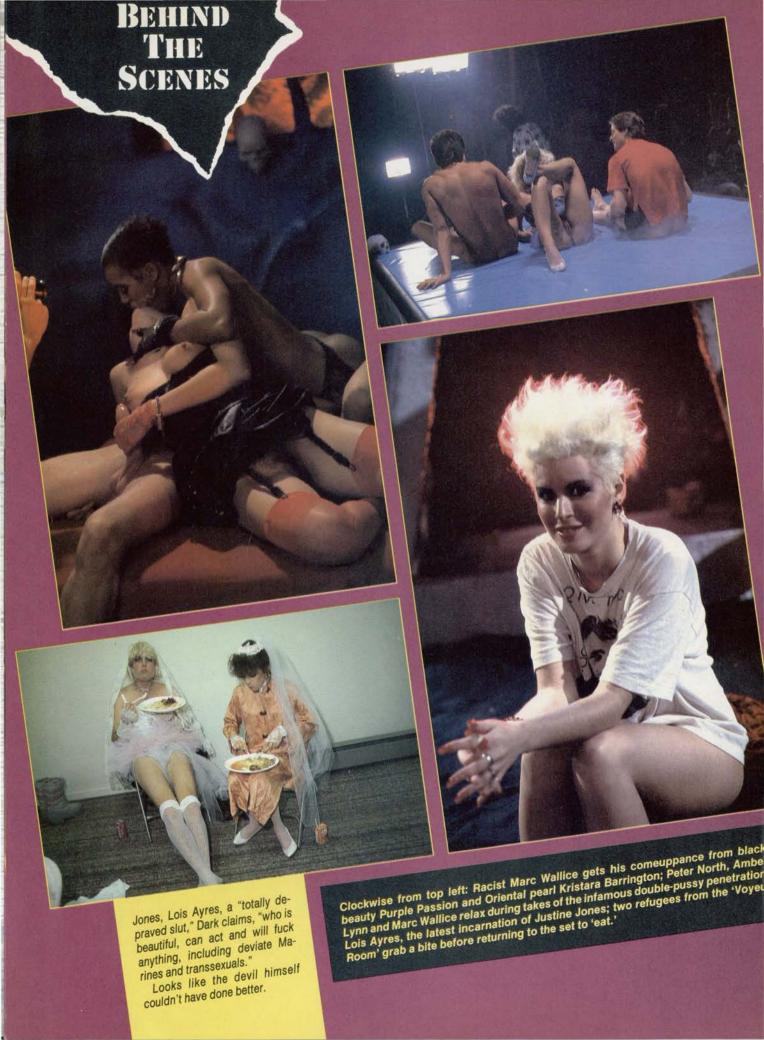
Left: Tony Martino licks his chops before impaling himself on Vanessa Del Rio's clit. Amber Lynn demands two dicks (top left) and shows where to put them (above). Below: By the end of this take Jennifer Noxt's beaver is bald.

sisted on a double-pussy penetration. ("I'm horny!" she proclaimed. "I want two dicks in my cunt-even three if I can get 'em in there.")

It took a trio of husky crew members to drag Lois Ayres off Kevin James's nine-inch dong after he'd come. And Careena Collins was observed behind the scenery coaxing director Gregory Dark's notable nose into her cranny.

This multi-thousand-dollar smut epic will be released in two parts, Devil in Miss Jones III: The New Beginning (in late 1986) and Devil in Miss Jones IV: The Final Outrage (in early 1987). Excellent production values, a cast and crew of more than 100, 50 wet-shots and a title recognized by everyone in the entire universe virtually guarantee DMJs III and IV blockbuster status. ("I certainly hope so," commented Gregory Dark. "The title alone probably cost us more than a dental plan for the whole porn industry.") It also certainly assures the superstardom of the latest Miss







In L.A. you can get pissed on, beaten, fucked by a bitch in leather or have your toes licked.

enforcement (despite what you've seen on the hit TV series Miami Vice).

It's not at all unusual for the girls to unbutton their shirts and display the merchandise to passing cars as they shout their prices across lanes of moving traffic. Competition is fierce; so prices vary considerably with the season and the amount of traffic on a given night.

For visual fulfillment there are so many clubs in the area that it would be impossible to name them all, but you might check out Le Girls (3231 W. Broward Blvd.), Troy's (2990 W. Sunrise Blvd.) and the Pink Pussycat Lounge (3890 NW 36th St. in Miami). As with the street girls, competition among the clubs is also fierce. Many have no cover charge.

If you aren't hard up for money and don't want to leave your hotel, just look in the Yellow Pages under dating services. They'll tell you over the phone what to expect and how much it will cost you. These are some of the best-looking chicks in Florida, or anywhere else for that matter, and some of them expect to be wined and dined before they fuck; so the entire bill can become pretty steep.

But on the bright side most accept almost any major credit card. The tip, of course, is extra-and expected.

LOS ANGELES

When you think of sex in L.A., you automatically think of Sunset and Santa Monica boulevards. These Hollywood thoroughfares have been the city's sexual hot spots since the western migration of runaway teenagers in the '60s. But recent police crackdowns have made it increasingly difficult to peddle pussy; so a lot of hookers have moved on. Those who have stayed on are extremely cautious. They may even ask you to expose yourself to prove that you're not "the fuzz" before they'll get in your car. A large number of the hookers have relocated on Ventura and Sepulveda boulevards in the San Fernando Valley, or they have joined outcall

Police statistics estimate that two out of three L.A. hookers now work within an organized indoor service such as a modeling agency, outcall service, massage parlor or whorehouse. Since L.A. is considered the "Fetish Capital of the World," many of these services cater to specific kinks. Pick up any of L.A.'s numerous underground newspapers and, by dialing a phone number, you can get pissed on, beaten, fucked by a bitch in leather or have your toes licked-and pay the total bill with a major credit card.

Or you can just get fucked. The police department estimates that there are at least 60 outcall services operating within the city limits, but because there are not enough vice cops or money to investigate them all, most go unharassed. The girls who work through these services are expensive, but they are much friendlier and cooperative than streetwalkers. Part of the reason for this is that the services check the johns out before a girl goes on a "date." Because at least one hooker a month is brutally murdered in L.A., they're pretty cautious. Most of them have been stabbed, beaten, tortured or otherwise misused by their customers, and many have come to expect this kind of treatment as going with the job.

A good number of L.A.'s streetwalkers are too ugly, too old, too young, too dark or too drugged-out to work for the "safer" services. If you find a desirable chick on the streets (some are just too independent to work for a service), she can be had for a reasonable price if you "car date." For around \$35 she'll take you to a secluded spot and fuck you in your car. Sometimes she (or her pimp) will also take your car and wallet and leave you with your pants around your ankles. Motel dates are much safer, but will cost you a little more, plus some girls will expect you to get a room instead of going back to theirs.

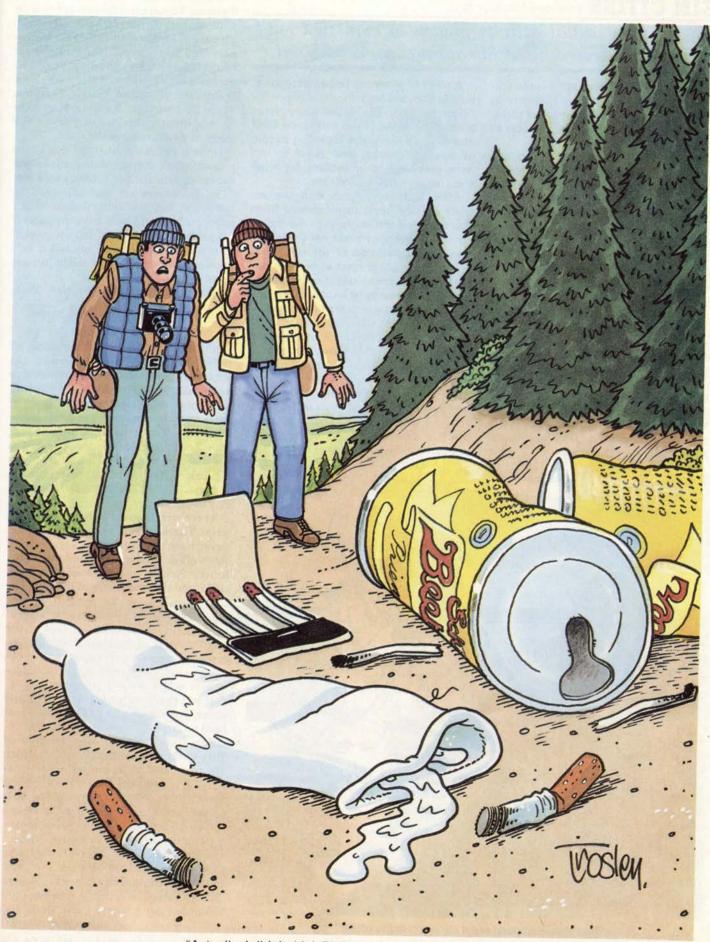
If topless/bottomless bars are your thing, great young clam is on display at the Century Theatre and Lounge near the L.A. Airport on Century Boulevard (for information, dial 213-641-NUDE) and the Jet Strip (5526 W. Imperial Highway), while the friendliest topless tarts in town shake it at The Wild Goose (11604 Aviation Blvd.). If you're in Hollywood, a famous topless club is the Body Shop (8520 W. Sunset Blvd.), while the Tropicana (1250 N. Western Ave.) has female mud wrestling. L.A. does live up to its reputation of being open to any vice, deviation or fetish. But better be prepared with lots of green stuff. Here the ladies' favorite aphrodisiac is money.

NEW YORK

Manhattan has got to be the hottest island in the universe. A Southern visitor once remarked, "The whole city reeks of wet pussy. Before you can even get within sight of the neon lights, you can smell the sex." And he's right. Long before most cities in America were even big enough to have a red-light district, New York's was



"I'm afraid all of your teeth are gonna have to come out, Mr. Elliot!"



"Actually, I didn't think Bigfoot would be this civilized!"

There is no sexual activity known to man that isn't available between 6th and 8th avenues on 42nd Street.

going strong. And Manhattan is the rotten core of the Big Apple. Nowhere in the world are there as many swing clubs, strip joints, live-sex shows or hookers as in New York City.

As you move down 42nd Street, the fluorescent lights garishly announce, "Live Sex Show," "All Nude Review," "Sex Fantasies," etc. Everywhere you look, working girls are openly plying their trade on the streets. There is little legal interference here. The police prefer to ride shotgun over the city's violent crime and "keep a lid on it," according to a desk sergeant whose men regularly patrol Times Square.

In fact, the area has become so well accepted that one of the largest clubs, which advertises everything from adult movies to live-sex shows, was financed by the United States government through the Small Business Administration. Known as Show World, it is right in the middle of the sexual mainstream of New York. There is no sexual activity known to man that isn't available between 6th and 8th avenues on 42nd Street.

A piece of pussy can be had here for as little as \$20, although the average price is closer to \$50. The johns come from around the world. If you walk down 42nd Street, you'll see Arabs, Japanese, people of Spanish descent and nondescripts from every nation all looking for what you are there for—a good time.

After bad experiences with the sex trade in New York, many visitors learn that the safest and maybe even the cheapest way to get your rocks off in the Big Apple is to join one of the numerous swing clubs. These tend to occupy low-key housing in respectable residential districts, but can easily be located by picking up a swap magazine or sex newspaper.

Some of these clubs will accept single men, some only couples. Before you put down your money, find out the rules of the club you wish to join. And even if you are only in the area on a one-time trip, the amount you pay to join will be equivalent to what you would pay a street hooker for a half-hour trick, but you might just find yourself with all the pussy that you can handle—at no extra charge.

Before you leave town, check out the Pussycat Theatre (on Broadway between 48th and 49th streets), the Harmony Theater (205 W. 48th St.), The Metropole (725 Seventh Ave.), the Pink Poodle Club (127 E. 47th St.) and all the rest of the clubs on 42nd Street. Keep your eyes open. Sex stars like Candy Samples, Annie Sprinkle and Veronica Hart have been spotted either walking down the street or performing in the clubs.

If the hookers on the street don't turn you on, don't despair. A beautiful nude dancer at one theater recently told me, "The customers are not supposed to touch me, but you better believe that I never push a hand away from my pussy if it's got money in it. I get felt up good at least a dozen times a night, and if he's good-looking and rich, he might just get more than his finger in me."

If you can't get laid in New York, you're dead.

SAN FRANCISCO

San Francisco is the Golden Gate all right; the golden gate to nookie. On Broadway in the North Beach area there are 40 clubs in a four-block stretch, and hookers of every description in front of every one of them, as well as street hawkers saying, "Come inside. See real college girls. They don't wear anything. Naked as the day they were born." And when you go inside, you find that, sure enough, they are. There's absolutely no false modesty in this city.

There are thousands of girls on the strip. The sex is so open that you will never have to proposition any of them. Just walk down the street, and they come to you. Pick the one you want, give her a smile, and she'll take care of the rest. The cops usually leave the area to its own vices. And don't be surprised if the girl happens to be multilingual. Due to the huge amount of business from foreigners, a number of streetwalkers have obtained a working knowledge of such languages as Spanish and Japanese.

If you don't see what you want on the street, go into any one of the clubs. Most have no cover charge.

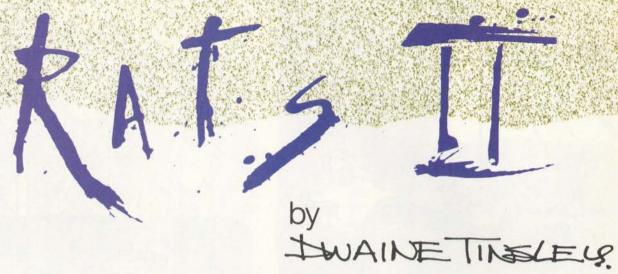
San Francisco has a large number of girls working for outcall services, which are advertised in underground newspapers, by pamphlets handed out on the street and even by billboards. These girls definitely aren't shy. Prices are about the same as in L.A., but the girls seem to have a lot more enthusiasm in the Bay Area.

Of course, no trip here is complete without a visit to the Mitchell Brothers' historically important **O'Farrell Theatre** (895 O'Farrell St.), or the **Condor** (300 Columbus Ave.), where Carol Doda and (continued on page 97)

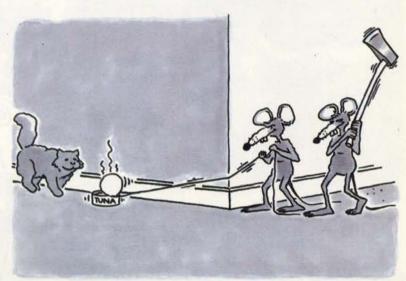


"Now you're s'posed to eat the worm in the bottle!"

Just When You Thought It Was Safe to Go Back in the Sewer...



hen Dwaine Tinsley's Rats cartoon feature appeared for the first time, in the February 1978 HUSTLER, his knee-in-the-nuts approach to social satire was apt for the age. Times and attitudes have changed, but the Rats perspective is as "rat on" today as it was back then. Gander at this special anniversary feature . . . and stock up on d-Con.









"Come and get it, boys! Chow time!"



一种的复数形式

"I'd like to eat with you guys, but I've decided to become a vegetarian!"





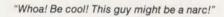
"Everything was fine with our family life until he started eating the kids!"









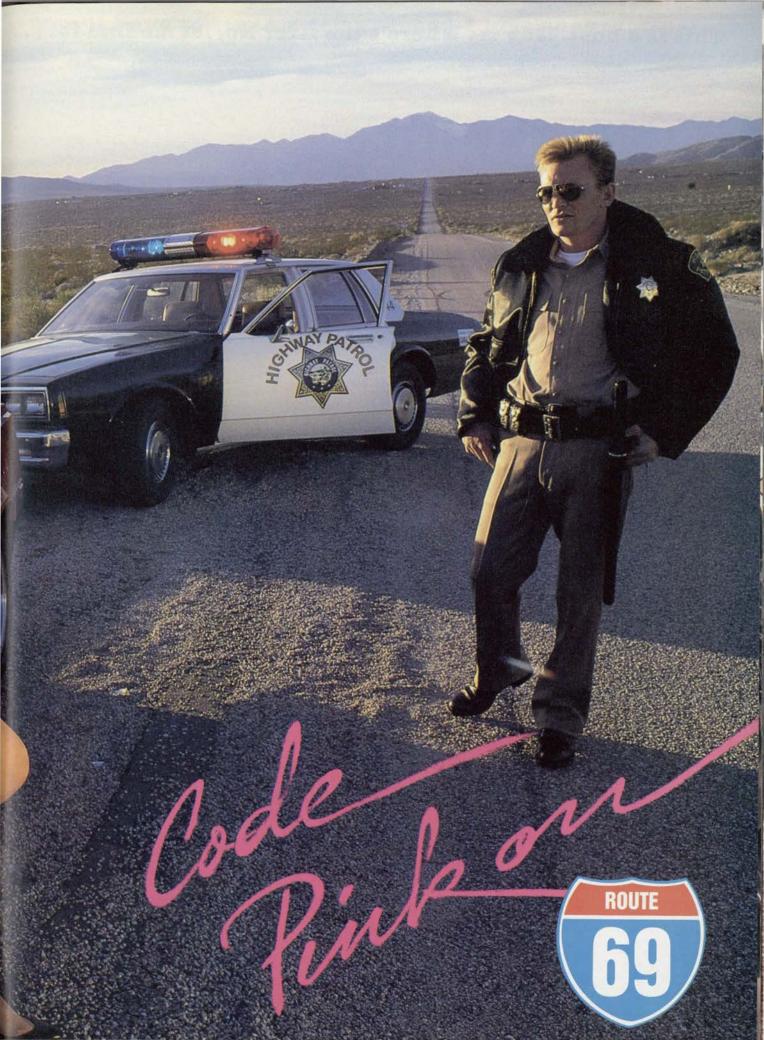




"You have an admirer, Margaret. He just sent you a drink!"

AND NOTICE WAY THE WAY TO BE





This is a bust, lady ... Where's the fire? No, let me find it ...



You'll have to stand a frisk . . . and I love shakedowns. . . .



You should have come quietly . . . Now here's my big stick.





Face it ... You'll come out on top if you lay it on the line.



... Take a tip, lady, and keep your hands on the wheel....

Bone up on the law, and I might let you off easy...

But remember . . . no one escapes the short arm of the law. . . .



SIN CITIES (continued from page 82)

Don't fall in love with her. She is not going to share the feeling. She's in it for the money.

her silicone tits became legends.

There are a multitude of swing clubs advertised in the underground papers and swing magazines, if that's your thing, but the most excitement is right on Broadway. The clubs are great, the atmosphere is electric, and the girls will make you leave your heart—and probably a substantial amount of cum—in San Francisco.

ORLANDO

Why include a small city like Orlando, Florida, in this guide? Because it has one of the hottest and fastest-growing sex districts in America, with a small-town, down-home flavor to boot. If you don't believe me, just take a ride down Orange Blossom Trail. What you see will remind you a lot of Fort Lauderdale, except that there's no beach. The girls of Orlando are suntanned beauties, and the clubs are classy and entertaining, some with huge billboards out front, such as Baby Dolls (5526 S. Orange Blossom Trail), "The Legend Continues," or Flashdancer (4850 S. Orange Blossom), "The Club That Made the Movies." These explicit billboards leave nothing to the imagination as to what is happening inside.

Also check out **Thee Doll House** (5570 S. Orange Blossom), "Finest Heads in Town," and the **Mouse Trap** (2201 S. Or-

ange Blossom).

There is aggressive police patrol of this area; so all deals are made with a bit of sidestepping of the issue. But these girls know their business, and it doesn't take long to get her down on her knees with your cock in her mouth (\$20 and up) or on her back (\$30 and up). Hotel rooms and women are both cheaper during the off season; so if you are on a budget, hit the area between January and March or September and November.

Before leaving Orlando, visit the **Club Juana** in Fern Park (6150 S. U.S. Highway 1792), which was made famous by the arrest of stripper Fanne Fox in 1978 and claims to be the very first Florida bar to

offer total nudity. It still does.

PRECAUTIONS FOR NOOKIE HUNTERS

In conclusion, some suggestions to help keep you safe and out of jail!

- Don't carry any more money or credit cards with you than you think you'll need for the evening. Leave the rest in the hotel safe.
- 2. Travel in pairs if possible, especially

- in the rougher red-light districts. If you do go alone, make sure someone knows your whereabouts.
- Try to work out a deal to get the girl back to your room. She'll be braver and more aggressive on her own turf, and she just might have someone waiting in her room to slit your throat.
- 4. When making a date with a street prostitute, never use words such as fuck, pussy, head, half and half or any term that could be construed as soliciting. Don't mention money in the same conversation as sex. Let her lead the conversation. An undercover cop is not allowed to use entrapment to make an arrest. If she's too vague, move on.
- 5. A good hooker will closely examine your organ for any signs of VD. You can do the same with her. If she's clean, she won't object, and it can be a real turn-on. If you have any doubts about a lady's cleanliness, wear a rubber.
- 6. Alley dates, "behind the dumpster"

- dates and other semipublic encounters are dangerous. You can't run very fast with your trousers around your ankles. Also, if you happen to be spotted by the police, you can be charged with indecent exposure as well as assignation.
- 7. Never kiss a hooker on the mouth, even if she looks just like your high-school sweetheart. She probably won't let you kiss her anyway, because she knows that more germs are carried through passionate kissing than through fucking.
- Don't attempt anal sex unless your partner agrees. You may be charged with rape or crimes against nature. Also don't threaten her or use force of any kind.
- 9. Pay her. This is a business deal.
- 10. When you are through, leave; or if she's in your room, show her to the door. Don't give her your name, phone number or credit cards. Don't fall in love with her. She is not going to share the feeling. She's in it for the money and may play along as long as it's to her advantage to do so, but in the end you'll be the loser.

It all boils down to one thing. Your dick can't think; so use your head. Keep your eyes open, stay sober, choose carefully and, above all, enjoy!



DWAINETINGLEY.

HUSTLER MAGAZINE PHOTO CONTEST MODEL RELEASE



Here is the model release you must send with your entry (preferably more than one photo) in HUSTLER's Beaver Hunt contest—see page 99. Models should be shown totally nude, and faces must be visible. Novelty photos will be considered. To increase your chances of being chosen, you should send in a copy of some form of photo ID, such as a driver's license, along with this release. Mail to: HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054.

Please Print

Model's Name

Name to Be Published

Address

City

State

Zip

Date of Birth

Phone (include area code)

Model's Social Security Number

Occupation

Hobbies

Sexual Fantasies

Include separate sheet if necessary

Photographer

NOTE: PRIZE MONEY SENT TO MODEL ONLY I hereby give HUSTLER Magazine, its affiliates, successors and assigns, and those acting under its permission or upon its authority, permission to copyright and/or publish any photographs of myself with or without my name and to make any changes or any additions whatsoever to such photographs, portraits or any of the above information. I understand that editorial matter will accompany these photos and that my photographs can be published in another affiliated magazine for an amount to be determined by that magazine. I certify that I am of full age and am possessed of full legal capacity to execute the foregoing authorization.

WARNING: ANYONE SIGNING THIS RELEASE FORM OTHER THAN THE MODEL WILL BE SUBJECT TO MONETARY DAMAGES AND/OR CRIMINAL PROSECUTION.

I DECLARE UNDER PENALTY OF PERJURY THAT ALL OF THE INFORMATION I HAVE GIVEN ABOVE IS TRUE AND CORRECT.

Model's Legal Signature

Date

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EXHIBITIONIST HOUSEWIVES SHOW PANTIES, PUSSIES and ALL! Photo's, Video's, Sample \$2. Karen, Box 538-H Island Lake, IL 60042.

HOT LETTERS

(continued from page 40)

Reaching around her hips, I grasped her ass cheeks and slowly pulled them apart.

Finally, with one brave plunge, I snaked my tongue out and probed her tight anal opening. Her tiny anus puckered, then relaxed. Pushing forward with my tongue, I slowly, gently edged it inside the hot, little orifice. Her sphincters tightened around my tongue, grasping it with wild passion as I licked deeper and deeper up her ass.

My mouth started watering, lubricating Lisa's sweet shithole with my saliva as I fucked her butt with my tongue, exulting in the forbidden sensation of tasting her shit. My ass gripped tightly onto Lisa's finger as she rhythmically finger-

fucked my anal opening.

Weakened by countless orgasms—my first ever—I fell asleep, my face still tucked firmly between Lisa's ass cheeks. The two of us now have a rewarding lesbian relationship, and I've come to look upon my lesbian anal fixation as a blessing. For me it's like every woman has two vaginas.

—L. S.

Honey Creek, Indiana

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NAME		
SIGNATURE (I am o	ver 18 years of age)	
ADDRESS		
CITY	STATE	ZIP

St. 100 Hum

Reaver Hum

Page

To an extended photo-feature and paid a cool \$1,000. All photos submitted become the property of HISTER Mare.

You don't have to go tromping through the woods to shoot the kind of wildlife we're looking for. Just snap a clear, color picture of your favorite Beaver and send it to us. If HUSTLER prints it, we'll send her \$100. Plus, there's always the chance your Beaver will be chosen

for an extended photo-feature and paid a cool \$1,000. All photos submitted become the nonreturnable property of HUSTLER Magazine. Send your entry (preferably more than one photo) to HUSTLER Beaver Hunt, 2029 Century Park East, Suite 3800, Los Angeles, CA 90067-3054. Use the model release on page 98, or a facsimile. And fill it out clearly so we'll know where to send the money.

Tantalizing Tamara, 20, is a housewife from Spring Lake, North Carolina, who enjoys nude photography and giving head to her husband. Tamara dreams of being seduced by a masked man.

Tina, 23, a Concord, California, receptionist, loves dancing, fishing and boywatching. Her fantasy is to be had by a well-hung, tall, dark and beautiful male.

Photo by Boyfrier

The pride of Hollywood, Florida, 21-year-old Angel is a cocktail waitress who likes aerobics, dancing and swimming. She fantasizes about making love to a stranger who finds her lying nude on the beach.



Joanna is a freelance artist from Clearwater, Florida, whose many hobbies include photography, nudity and philosophy. This 30-year-old longs to star in an X-rated video with her lover.

Photo by Husband

Photo by Friend

Ann, 36, is a maid from Horn Lake, Mississippi. She likes collecting stamps, old coins and dolls, and dreams of making love with a stranger on an elevator.



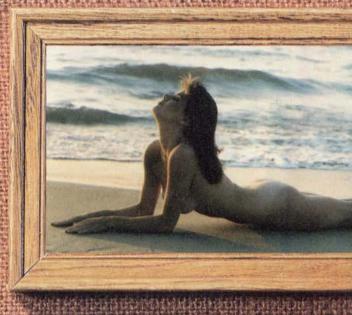






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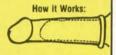
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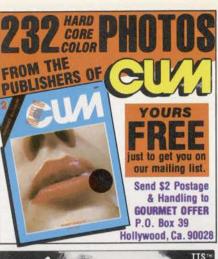
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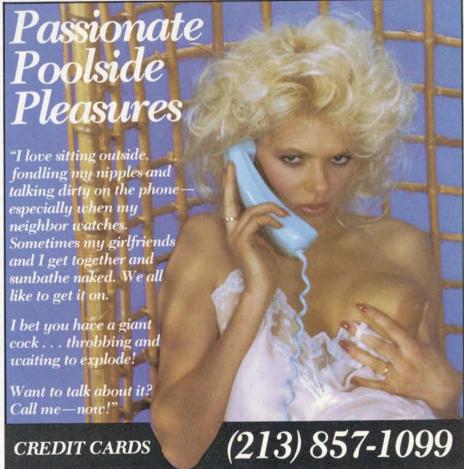












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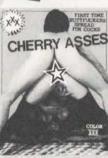




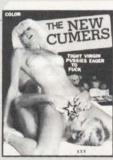
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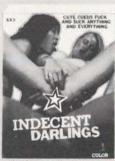
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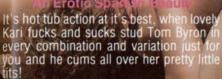
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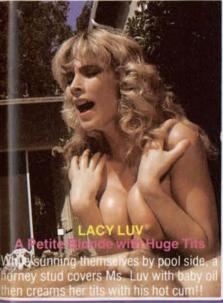
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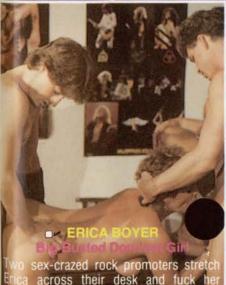


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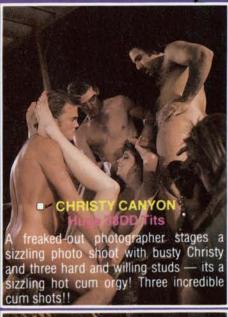


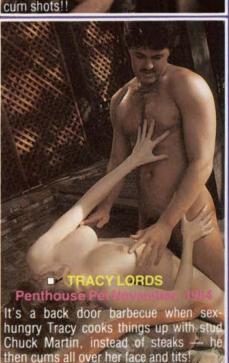


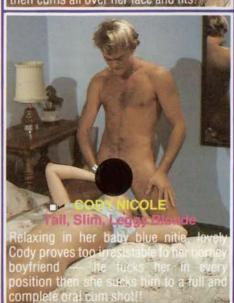


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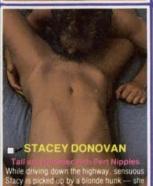
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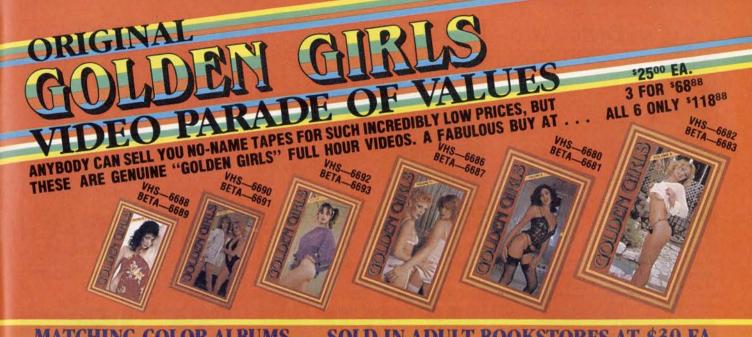
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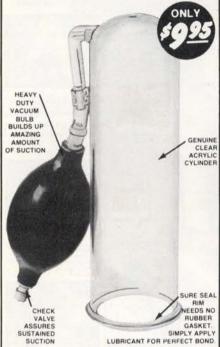
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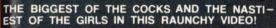
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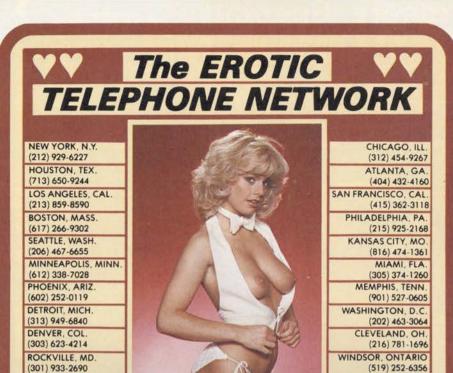
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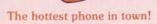
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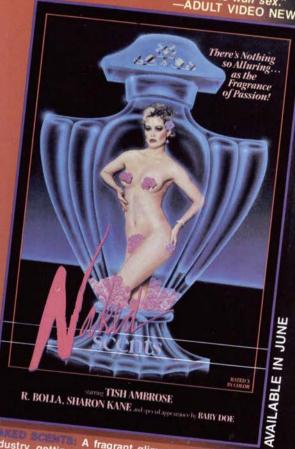
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